

mistaken as to call her Verbenia Camellia Stephanotis. It shows a far deeper analysis of character than is common in Mr. Besant's work; as a rule he sketches vividly and briskly, and does not linger over the finer shades. It is more of a study, a picture, and less of a story than we should have expected. So, too, we think that by the publication of "The Demoniac," which is included in this volume, Mr. Besant indicated that he had taken a fresh step; in it he deals with tragedy that is quite hopeless, that is with us and cannot be remedied. It did not need the evidence of the last story in the book to show us that he had read Ibsen, however widely he may differ from the dramatist's views. Personally, we must regard this new departure with interest and approval, if, indeed, it be a new departure. Some of the stories in this book had their first appearance long ago; and even in Mr. Besant's earliest work there was some evidence that he did not intend to shirk things. Many readers will echo the contempt implied in his preface for "those who turn away with a shudder from anything stronger than a sipper or a kiss." It is, perhaps, an age that takes its novel seriously; and if we must blame this tendency for the existence of the polemical and theological novel, it has at least freed the reviewer from an unending surfeit of happy conclusions.

"The Herb of Love" forms a volume in the Pseudonym Library, and like "Amaryllis," by the same author in the same series, deals with modern Greek life. The scenes and people represented are alike new, and the story has an unusual fascination. One sees in it the old classical spirit hand-in-hand, as it were, with the spirit of modern times. The shepherd's love for the gipsy girl might have been sung by Theocritus; but in the strange conclusion of the story the unconsciousness and simplicity of the pastoral poet disappear. We have read more pretentious fiction for which we have cared far less than for this graceful Eubœan idyll; both in its subtlety and in its simplicity it is singularly attractive.

THE MAGAZINES.

It is one of the commonplaces of periodical criticism that the magazines are duldest in August. One would like to find out that this is a mistake, but we are afraid it is not a popular fallacy. This August, however, is exceptional. The election has given freshness to the political matter, and the Shelley Centenary supplies a literary subject of more than common interest.

Of the articles on Shelley the best, in Hibernian phrase, is that on Mrs. Shelley, in *Temple Bar*. It is based on Mrs. Julian Marshall's "Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley," is without pretence, and gives a concise account of a loving, suffering, enduring woman—"Shelley's wife, the mother of his son, and the guardian of his fame." Another unpretentious article is "Mrs. Shelley at Home" (*Victorian Magazine*), by Miss Margaret Hunter. Mr. Innes's article (*Monthly Packet*) is inclined to be grandiose and pedantic, but probably its lecture-room tone fits its audience. Mr. Theodore Watts' centenary sonnet and Mr. Ricketts' centenary picture (*Magazine of Art*) are impressive certainly, but ungenial, as though they were a species of laureate-labour—task-work, not even duty. Mr. George E. Woodberry, in "Shelley's Work" (*Century*), brings together two like sentences which were probably never in juxtaposition before. "Poets," said Shelley, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." "He," said Dr. Johnson, concerning the poet, "must write as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind." Probably both were thinking of Fletcher of Saltoun's famous saying.

The editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, having recognised apparently that it is quite impossible to produce a good average number in August, bows to necessity, and gives us a special "Fiction Number,"

containing four complete stories. Taking the cue from *Scribner's*, we have regarded all the magazines this month as "fiction numbers"—those of them that purvey fiction—and we have a few remarks to make on over a dozen stories read or assaulted with that intent.

"When the Century Came In" (*Scribner's*), by Mrs. Burton Harrison, and "When the Century was Young" (*Argosy*), are stories of America and Wales respectively. Mrs. Harrison tells her tale in a series of six letters and a fragment. When the century was in its teens people gave capitals to abstract nouns like "Gaiety and Candour," and wrote of "Politicks" and the "Publick." An old-world look is cast over the letters by the adoption of this old-fashioned spelling; but there is more than that. Mrs. Harrison has caught, or invented, a point of view very unlike the century-end attitude, quaint enough to suggest the high-waisted ladies of ninety years ago, and ingenuous enough for provincial Americans. Her people live also; there are smiles and tears and heart-beats in the correspondence of the Berkeleys. The *Argosy* story has a fine simplicity and directness, and the novelty which comes from a new motive, or one that has dropped out of sight for long. There is pathos to be wrung out of sheep-stealing, as the reader will find in "When the Century was Young." "The Besetment of Kurt Lieders" (*Scribner's*), by Octave Thanet, is the most original of all the stories read. It tells how the hero, an old cabinet-maker and enterprising self-destroyer, full of whims and crotchets, and as "unpractical as a Christian martyr," was saved from a fourth attempt at suicide by Thekla, his accurate, if dull-witted, wife. "Jimmy Murphy, V.C." (*United Service*), is a fair regimental story, with a dash of Gilbert and a dash of somebody else. On account of the latter dash it is not out of place to say that Armiger Barezinsky, whoever he may be, would be wise to "cease from kipling" in future. A delightful comic humour distinguishes "When Angry, Count a Hundred" (*Century*), by E. Cavazza. The gently ironic humour of "At the Farm by the Sea" (*Cornhill*) strikes us as being distilled through the pen of a rising young writer who made his *début* in the *Cornhill*. We cannot think, at the moment, of anybody else who has touches like this: "South Kensington . . . with its self-conscious daughter, whose marriage is arranged, and will shortly take place in the guinea paragraphs of the *Morning Post*." "Brunhild" (*Atalanta*), by Lady Lindsay, is an exquisite legend. It has the tenderness, the romance, the pathos, the fatalism of an elder time, and might very well be called a ballad in prose. As much cannot be said for Miss Moira O'Neill's "Somerled and the Seabird." Before the third paragraph your attention wanders; and you retire in dismay from twenty pages of the double-columned *Blackwood*. "The Row'tilly Girl" (*National*), by Mr. David S. Meldrum, is a little difficult to start with; the writing, though forcible, is crabbed, but a feeling of actuality carries you on. It is the tragedy, in one of its many forms, of star-crossed love. So is Lady Lindsay's "Brunhild"; so is Miss Mary S. Hancock's "Bessie of the Wolf's Rancho" (*Gentleman's*); and so is Miss Mary Gaunt's "The Loss of the Vanity" (*English Illustrated*). There is a religious strain in the last two; the former is the more powerful; in both the pathos is cruel. As a farce after these tragic endings the reader could hardly do better than turn to "Green Lion Pavement" (*Longman's*), by "A. F. H." This also is a story of star-crossed love, with the religious element in it too; but the ending is happy, for Liz's father, who had been "everythink, yer know—Methody, an' Plymouth Brethren, an' Roman Catholic," and who "jined the Harmy for a bit," came round to be of Bill's religion after all. The completed stories in *Temple Bar* are below the average this month. "Midshipman, the Cat" (*St. Nicholas*) will delight young children, and Mr. Eden Phillpott's "One-Horse Yarn" (*Idler*) may delight young men.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE world, according to Miss Blanche Roosevelt, wants to know all about its celebrated men and women: what they are, where they live and how, what they eat and drink, and the part which they play in everyday life. M. Sardou is a celebrated man, hence this gushing volume of small talk. Victorien Sardou was born in Paris just sixty-one years ago, and with that city his whole career is associated. In his youth he studied medicine, but he quickly turned aside from the practice of physic to the pursuit of fame in a more congenial sphere. His early struggles as an author are described in this volume with emotional extravagance and no lack of rhetoric. As late as the year 1857 Sardou cultivated literature in a garret, and found it difficult, even there, to keep the wolf from the door. Then the tide suddenly turned, and M. Sardou, who had never lost faith in himself, discovered his true vocation and came rapidly to the front, until his name was known in every capital in Europe as that of one of the most brilliant dramatists of the age. He is described in these pages as a man of extremes: the most loyal of friends, the most bitter of enemies; eager, intense, sensitive, and yet in many ways as simple and outspoken as a child. Sardou's personal appearance, his supposed resemblance to "Dante, Voltaire, and the First Consul," his methods of work, his table-talk, the glories of his house at Marly, his kindness to young authors, and half a score of other topics of the same kind, are duly set forth with rapturous eagerness for the delectation of English and American readers. Criticism for the most part is absent, though there are glowing tributes in these pages to *La Tosca* and *Cleopâtre*, as well as a sheaf of Press notices of *Thermidor*. Altogether it is an odd little book, abounding in personal homage of the ecstatic order, and overflowing with kindness of the sort which would make some popular authors at least exclaim, with genuine dismay, "Save me from my friends!" However, Miss Roosevelt has the satisfaction of knowing that the volume in its present form has secured the "heartly and unqualified approval" of M. Sardou himself.

An admirable manual, written for the use of schools and junior classes of colleges, on experimental physics, has just appeared with the title, "Lessons in Heat and Light." The object of the book is not merely to give a certain amount of exact knowledge, but also to render plain to young minds the methods by which such knowledge can be at once verified. Details of manipulation are clearly explained, and the simplest forms of an appeal to experiment are placed in an attractive manner at the student's disposal. Within the compass of three hundred pages, the sources and nature of heat, the expansion of solids, liquids, and gases, the philosophy of wind, dew, and rain, the velocity and refraction of light, and kindred subjects are discussed, and always with illustrative experiments. Certain paragraphs in the book are printed in smaller type, and may be omitted by the beginner, because they in every case refer to matters of less importance or greater difficulty. At the same time the author, who is a practical teacher of wide experience, has avowedly made no attempt to shirk the inevitable obstacles that confront the youngest student sooner or later. He believes in fact with Rousseau that "Parmi tant d'admirables méthodes pour abréger l'étude des sciences, nous aurions grand besoin que quelqu'un nous en donnât une pour les apprendre avec effort." Questions at the end of each chapter, based in part on the matriculation papers of the University of London, enhance the practical value of a closely reasoned and well-graduated course of instruction.

Hardly a month passes now without the appearance of some new work of reference intended to meet the real or supposed wants of the community. The latest book of the kind—a bulky volume containing upwards of eight hundred closely printed pages—has just reached us, and is called "Locke's Annual Register of Births and Marriages." It professes, like other claimants to public attention, to meet a long-felt want, and possibly in years to come lawyers and registrars, and people in search of next-of-kin, will be glad to wade through, for strictly business purposes, this wilderness of commonplace names. The compiler has shown a creditable amount of industry, and we have no wish to disparage unduly his zeal as a collector of press-

cuttings; but at the same time, even if his book is of service to specialists, it cannot under any circumstances be of much use to the general public. One obvious drawback immediately suggests itself. Mr. Locke declares that he has compiled the work from the announcements of births and marriages contained day by day in the columns of the "leading London and provincial papers." Many similar announcements, however, only find their way into the columns of comparatively obscure and much less widely circulated journals, so that at best such a list as the present is far from complete. Besides, in thousands of instances amongst the working classes no such notices find their way into print, and even if every newspaper in the land had been overhauled, the value of such a compilation would hardly be conspicuous. We are afraid it is, therefore, another example of love's labour lost.

A sympathetic and lucid, but not otherwise remarkable, monograph on "Bishop Colenso—the Friend of the Zulus" has just appeared. The writer, Miss Florence Gregg, acknowledges her indebtedness to Sir G. W. Cox's well-known biography of the bishop, but she has also had the advantage of Miss Colenso's assistance, so far, at least, as the revision of this little book is concerned. It is with the character of Dr. Colenso rather than with his work that Miss Gregg deals, and the traits which are thrown into relief in the narrative are the bishop's bold and fearless quest of truth, his moral courage, his enthusiasm of humanity, his fidelity to duty, and his devotion, at great personal sacrifice, to the cause of the weak and the oppressed.

We have received a scholarly and interesting volume entitled "Faithful unto Death," which gives a minute and vivid account, from contemporary records, of the sufferings of the English Franciscans during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Franciscan friars first came to England in 1224, two years before the death of their founder; they were nine in number, and five of them became the founders of a convent at Canterbury, whilst two settled in London and two in Oxford. Within thirty years after their arrival the Franciscans in England alone numbered more than twelve hundred, and they passed with equal rapidity into Ireland and Scotland. Their troubles began under Henry VIII., and are traced in these pages to the circumstance that they were the most active of all the religious orders in upholding the lawfulness of his marriage to Katherine of Aragon, and they were, in consequence, the first to feel the weight of the royal displeasure. The chief incidents which marked the persecution of the Franciscans in his and subsequent reigns are told from the Catholic standpoint with clearness, and in the main with moderation. It is curious, however, to learn that one special characteristic of the Reformation period was the decay of learning, but this extraordinary statement ceases to trouble us when we find ourselves gravely assured that the "New Learning" proved itself to be "nothing but a veil of intellectual darkness."

Theology is all very well in its place, and so is fiction, but we do not like them blended—especially with clumsy art—in one book. Religious discussions alternate in "Hades and Beyond" with fishing and shooting, and in the intervals of love-making the problem of retribution forms the topic of conversation. Rightly understood, there is no question more tremendous or solemn than the one which is oddly interlarded with the weak incidents of a third-rate novel in this superfluous, and, to our thinking, somewhat repellent book. Mr. Wardlaw Scott owes much to the late Dean Plumptre on the serious side of this curious volume, and he makes no secret of his obligations; as for the fiction, it is poor enough to awaken no questions as to its inspiration.

"The Study of Animal Life" forms the subject of the latest volume in the University Extension Manuals, which are edited—for Mr. John Murray—by Professor Knight. It is a fascinating and able book, and one which describes the everyday life of animals, the struggle for existence, the evolution of animal life, the influence of habits and surroundings, the working of the laws of instinct and heredity, and other allied subjects. Every aspect of animal life—so far, at least, as is possible in a manual of less than four hundred pages—is discussed in the light of the most recent scientific research, and the intricate problems concerned are handled throughout with the ease and skill of a trained and capable expert.

NOTICE.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE debate on the vote of No Confidence ended on Thursday night in a division in which Ministers were defeated by a majority of forty in an unprecedentedly large House. Thus has fallen one of the most remarkable Governments of modern times—remarkable in its origin, remarkable in its history, and, above all, remarkable in its entire lack of principle. That it was composed of men of very considerable ability will be disputed by none; but the fact that it was founded on a coalition between Tories and ex-Liberals, and that it undertook office for the purpose of settling the Irish Question, which it has left absolutely unsettled, entirely vitiate its claims to the popular gratitude. It ought not to be forgotten that its Irish policy has passed through three distinct phases. Six years ago, when the Dissident Liberals still professed that they would support Home Rule if they could do so with safety, Ministers took office pledged to give Ireland the same freedom as England enjoys. A few months later, with the advent of MR. BALFOUR at the Irish Office, an era of relentless persecution and Coercion began, and Irish members, as well as ordinary citizens, found themselves treated as common criminals for daring to vindicate their political rights. This system of brutal illegality was maintained until the gorge even of the Tories rose against MR. BALFOUR's methods, and he was compelled, for his own interests and those of his party, to lay a restraining hand upon the gaolers, policemen, and removable magistrates who acted as the instruments of his petty tyranny. He was only saved from a most humiliating collapse by the unhappy scandal of the PARNELL divorce case. As it was, he gladly fled from the Irish Office at the earliest opportunity, and left his successor to govern the country upon the earlier methods of the Ministry. Thus the Government which promised us "twenty years of resolute government" in Ireland has treated that country to three changes in its mode of government within six years.

NOR has it been more successful in the other departments of administration. MR. GOSCHEN's finance, though so loudly vaunted in some quarters, is now shown to have been tricky and unsound from first to last—the finance of a company promoter rather than that of a statesman. LORD SALISBURY's management of foreign affairs has been successful only where he has followed in the footsteps of his Liberal predecessors; whilst in some matters he has taken steps which, if they had been taken by MR. GLADSTONE, would have been denounced as treasonable by every Tory in the country. Free Trade has been tampered with, and illusory hopes of a return to Protection held out for the purpose of catching votes. Certain measures, Radical in their character, though miserably defective in their details, such as the Free Education Bill and the Local Government Bill, have been carried by Ministers in spite of their own principles and the desires of their followers. But in every case they will demand amendment from a Liberal House of Commons. Finally, the General Election, which resulted in the return of a majority of Liberals to the House of Commons, was fought by the Government under circumstances which demand the close scrutiny of Parliament. If wholesale corruption and the most

unblushing disregard for the laws regulating elections could have secured a majority for Ministers, such a majority we should certainly have seen. As it is, the end of the Government has been in harmony with its character from the beginning.

THE debate on the No Confidence motion has been a very poor affair. MR. ASQUITH's exceedingly clever speech on Monday was no doubt a notable contribution to the discussion of the question at issue, whilst MR. GLADSTONE's speech on Tuesday was marked not only by a great deal of force, but by a courageous outspokenness which his followers of every shade of opinion ought to appreciate. His declarations respecting Home Rule, its place in the party programme, and the possible attitude of the House of Lords, ought certainly to remove from the breasts of Irishmen their last doubts as to the sincerity of the Liberal party. MR. BALFOUR on Tuesday, and MR. CHAMBERLAIN on Thursday, spoke with their usual force and incisiveness and with even more than their accustomed bitterness. But their speeches, no longer supported by the cheers of a majority of the House, fell flat; and the one thing of which men thought was the division. It ought to be said that by no means the least useful speech of the week was that in which MR. T. P. O'CONNOR exposed the means by which in not a few of the constituencies the Tories succeeded in gaining their majorities. MR. O'CONNOR ought to be a valuable witness before the Royal Commission which, we trust, will be appointed to inquire into this grave question.

It is still too soon to discuss the composition of the new Ministry. MR. GLADSTONE has pursued the constitutional and becoming course of maintaining absolute silence with regard to appointments which were not yet his to give, and we imagine that not until to-day will the first glimmer of light be thrown upon his intentions. There has been much talk of the rivalry between what is called in some quarters "the old gang" and the younger men. We confess that we do not see why MR. GLADSTONE should be asked to regard experience in official life as a disqualification for office, and there is no doubt that he will naturally turn in the first instance to those colleagues of whose capacity he has had proof in former Administrations for help in his present task. But the claims of the younger men who have come to the front since the last Liberal Government was formed, and of others who by their work, not merely in Parliament, but in the country, have done good service to the Liberal cause, are not likely to be ignored or undervalued by so shrewd and experienced a Minister as MR. GLADSTONE; nor can we see that there will be any real difficulty in reconciling claims which are foolishly supposed to be absolutely antagonistic.

DURING the last six years the Home Rule Union has done excellent service both in Ireland and in England. It has carefully watched the working of the Coercion Act, the proceedings of the Crown in prosecutions, and the vagaries of the resident magistrates. It has kept the English public well acquainted with current Irish history; and two of its most successful educational appliances—illustrated lectures on the Irish evictions, and Home Rule vans for the instruction of

the agricultural labourer—have been persistently imitated by the Unionists, though with a conspicuous want of success. On Wednesday evening the annual meeting was attended by three distinguished representatives of portions of the Empire outside the United Kingdom—MR. NAOROJI; MR. FIELDING, Premier of Nova Scotia; and MR. BLAKE, M.P. for South Longford, and ex-Premier of Canada.

MR. BLAKE'S speech did not disappoint the expectations which English readers have formed of his oratory. Admirable as a speech, it was still more admirable as a philosophic and statesmanlike contribution to Irish politics. Himself an Ulsterman, he sees—what advocates for the separate treatment of Ulster generally do not—that any such treatment might leave the rest of Protestant Ireland exposed to very serious danger; and, as has been often maintained in these columns, that in the Irish Parliament the representatives of Protestant Ulster will most probably hold the balance of power. "Overwhelming majorities tend to split: minorities tend to combine;" and the safest way to bring about new combinations is to remove the present foundations of party divisions. MR. BLAKE knows Democracy too well to idealise it, or to expect complete smoothness of working in the new legislative machinery of Ireland. In view of what our opponents will say by-and-by, a little healthy realism here is not amiss.

A RUMOUR has been circulated during the week of the approaching retirement of MR. SCHNADHORST from his work in connection with the Liberal organisation in Parliament Street. We are glad to know that there is at present no foundation for this rumour. MR. SCHNADHORST'S services to the party are so valuable that the loss of his help would be a real misfortune. The work of organising Liberalism is one that has not come to an end merely by virtue of the General Election, and we trust that this work will remain for many years to come in the extremely capable hands of MR. SCHNADHORST.

EXACTLY two years after it should have been issued, we have this week the report of the University Commissioners on Scottish Theological Tests. The delay has had the effect of ripening amazingly that larger Scottish Church question which includes the University one, and which yet is so much the simpler of the two. The Commission have found the University question by no means simple. They divide nearly equally—a minority of seven, including the MARQUIS OF BUTE, LORD SANDFORD, and LORD KELVIN, demanding the retention of the *status quo*; while a majority of nine, including LORD KINNEAR, the chairman, SIR H. ROSCOE, and MR. DONALD CRAWFORD, with four others, recommend Parliament to abolish the tests, but retain the faculty of theology, and to change the patronage of its chairs. The great majority of the Dissenting witnesses examined, including the eight bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church (who are, of course, Dissenters in Scotland), would abolish the tests which connect the chairs with the Scottish Establishment, and would also relegate dogma to "the theological colleges of the several communions." The Commission adopts the proposal to abolish, but on the latter question are guided by the able suggestions of PRINCIPALS CAIRD, of Glasgow, and FAIRBAIRN, of Oxford, so far as still to retain all the theological chairs in the University, but without tests. It is proposed that their occupants shall be henceforward nominated by a Board to include representatives of the Scottish Nonconformist Churches; but all this is, in the first instance, for Parliamentary discussion.

THE extracts circulated this week from MR. PATON'S last letter on the Kanaka labour traffic in

the Southern Pacific offer a further justification of the protests made in our columns and elsewhere against the recent legislation of the Queensland Parliament. Thus, in 1890, the officer and purser of a labour vessel were detected recruiting boys under age, and giving Snider rifles in exchange—these, be it remembered, being of no practical use save for warfare—and were fined the absurdly small sum of £10 each. Where, by the way, was the incorruptible and Argus-eyed labour agent meanwhile? For the discovery was not due to him. Again: a man and his wife returning from their engagement in Queensland were landed on the wrong side of their island, Tanna. The man was promptly killed and eaten, and his wife detained—a proceeding which, of course, gave rise to a tribal war. Such, we fear, are the inevitable incidents of the trade.

THE stock markets continue as quiet as ever. Nobody cares to enter into new risks, and all who can are leaving the City, holiday making. Two or three weeks ago speculators were selling securities rather freely, in the hope that they would be able to buy them again at considerably lower prices; but even speculators for the fall have now lost courage and are doing next to nothing. It is true that there has been some speculative selling of home railway stocks, in the hope that investors might be so disappointed with their dividends that they would sell freely; but the hope has not been realised, and the speculators will probably have to buy back at higher prices; for the greater fear that is entertained in other directions the more likely are investors to confine their purchases to sound home securities. The great operators in New York are trying to get up active speculation there, but with little success so far. Every fall in silver makes the position of the United States Treasury more critical, for it brings home to the whole population the conviction that the silver policy was a grave mistake, and if that spreads, the possibility of an active speculation on the Stock Exchange disappears. The Continental Bourses are still fairly well maintained, but only by the support of the great banks. The public on the Continent, as well as at home, is doing next to nothing.

THERE is a suppressed panic in the silver market. Before the last American Silver Act was passed, in July, 1890, the lowest price ever recorded was in 1888—41½d. per oz. After that there was a recovery, and while the Bill was under discussion there was a wild speculation, which ran up the price in September, 1890, to 54½d. per oz. On Thursday of this week the price was as low as 38½d. per oz. This is 3½d. per oz. lower than the lowest price ever recorded before the passing of the last American Act, or very nearly 8½ per cent., and, compared with the highest price five or six weeks after the passing of the Act, the fall is 16½d. per oz., or over 30 per cent. A fall of 30 per cent. in less than two years has naturally disorganised trade in all the silver-using countries, and it is exciting the gravest apprehension as to the effect it may have upon credit institutions of all kinds doing business in those countries. This state of the silver market is an eloquent comment upon the statesmanship of the outgoing Ministry, and particularly of LORD SALISBURY, MR. GOSCHEN, and MR. BALFOUR, their coquetting with the Bimetallists, and their agreement to send representatives to the International Monetary Conference. This week the names of the delegates have been published, but they scarcely attracted attention in the City, for everyone now feels that the Conference is, beforehand, doomed to failure. The fall in silver, indeed, clearly proves that even those who trade in it are convinced that nothing can be done to raise the price. Naturally the apprehensions caused by this fall in silver and by the currency troubles in the United States are stopping all spirit of enterprise. The Money Market is quite stagnant and rates are little more than nominal.

THE FALLEN MINISTRY.

"PREDESTINED and foredoomed to irreparable disaster and disgrace"—the words are Mr. Chaplin's, not ours—the Ministry has met its fate, and Parliament and the country enter to-day upon a new era in the national history. As to the general character of the momentous change which has thus taken place it is not necessary to speak here. The time which has elapsed since the result of the General Election was made known has been sufficient to enable most of us to realise all that is involved in the transference of power from the hands of Lord Salisbury and his colleagues to those of Mr. Gladstone. The most noticeable feature in the last days of the Coercion Government has been the reluctance of its members to recognise the inevitable doom pronounced upon them by the electors. Perhaps, however, we do Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour wrong in ascribing this attitude to them. It would rather seem, from the character of this week's debate in the House of Commons, that the reluctance to recognise an unpleasant fact was on the part of their ex-Liberal allies rather than on their own. Nothing more futile than the debate which Ministers insisted upon having as the last scene in their career can be well imagined. Yet we are told that it was to please Mr. Chamberlain and his handful of followers rather than the Conservatives that the discussion was so unduly prolonged. If this be so, we can only hope that the Liberal Unionists are satisfied with the result of their policy. They have had the opportunity of making many speeches full of bitterness and anger against those by whom they have been overthrown. They have also had the chance of offering such vindication of themselves and of their own action as was possible; but they have not affected a single vote in the House of Commons, nor, we believe, have they changed the mind of a single elector in the country. However unwilling they might be to recognise the fact, they ought to have remembered that the battle which has been waged for six years between the followers of the two opposing parties in the House of Commons was ended by the General Election. Every argument that could be used against Mr. Gladstone and his Irish proposals had been urged *ad nauseam* before the electors were asked to decide between him and his antagonists. What possible good it could do to repeat those arguments when the prolonged conflict was at last at an end it is difficult to understand, and it must be confessed that the most striking feature of this week's debate has been its hollowness and unreality. The men who stood up to defend the Tory party were, as it were, fighting in defence, not of a living body, but of a corpse, and every speech delivered from the Tory benches partook more or less of the character of a funeral oration. That the praises which Mr. Balfour and his party so freely lavished upon themselves were merited will not be admitted by any Liberal, and yet no Liberal will be disposed to find fault with the men who conceived that they could not die with dignity without presenting a highly-coloured picture of their own virtues to the nation which has just cast them off.

The only serious part of the debate was the attempt which was made to draw from Mr. Gladstone a full revelation of the details of his Home Rule scheme. The attempt failed, as it was bound to do; and it is difficult to see how any sane men could ever have expected that it would succeed. No doubt the cry that the Liberal leader was withholding from the country information which it had a right to possess was plausible enough for use on political platforms before and during the General Election; but what possible end could be served

by raising it again in the House of Commons, after the verdict of the country had been delivered, it is impossible to understand. The Irish members who spoke on behalf of their fellow-countrymen, and who indicated with sufficient clearness—and, in the case of Mr. Redmond, with some rhetorical exaggeration of emphasis—the points which they desired to see included in a Home Rule Bill, only spoke as might have been expected. But neither Mr. McCarthy nor Mr. Redmond fell into the trap into which Mr. Goschen had sought to lure them, and no Liberal can have any right to complain of their speeches. Mr. Gladstone gave the country clearly to understand that he realises the gravity of the task he is about to undertake, and that he would be no party to any premature attempt to grapple with it. Not until the new Cabinet has had full time for consideration will the details of the Home Rule Bill be finally decided upon, and not until the Bill itself has been actually prepared will those details be made known to the world at large. But the debate has made it apparent that the understanding between the Irish members and the Liberal leader is a real one, and that the former can await with confidence the production of the scheme by means of which it may be hoped this Irish problem will be solved.

Upon one point neither party was left in doubt. Mr. Gladstone made it clear that he will not regard the rejection of a Home Rule Bill by the House of Lords—a rejection which has already been insolently threatened by the Duke of Devonshire—as a reason either for dropping his Irish policy or making a fresh appeal to the country. Time and opportunity will be given to the Peers to repent of their open hostility to the House of Commons and the nation, and not until they have filled up the cup of their offending will the electors of the United Kingdom be asked to decide upon their claim to over-ride both Ministry and people. This, however, is a matter which lies in the future, and which need not be discussed further at the present moment. It is satisfactory to know that the debate and division have proved that Mr. Gladstone's following is not the mongrel and accidental thing which some men profess to believe; but that it is a homogeneous body actuated by common motives, and working for common ends. We can understand the anxiety which some of its members feel with regard to matters in which they take a special interest. Nobody will blame the Welsh members, for instance, for their desire that nothing except Home Rule should stand in the way of Welsh Disestablishment. But the order in which the different pieces of work that the Liberal party is committed to shall be taken is not a matter to be decided off-hand, or by means of abstract resolutions. As we have more than once pointed out, the most obvious business of the new Government will be to fortify itself in the position which has been won in the fight now ended. No member of the majority can wish that the next General Election, whenever it may come, shall be fought under the disadvantageous circumstances which have weighed so heavily against Liberal candidates in the recent contest; and we believe that in the end all will recognise that not only the most certain, but the most speedy way of carrying into effect the reforms which they desire will be the establishment upon a firmer basis than that on which it now stands of the principle of popular and democratic government. For the present, however, the one notable fact upon which every Liberal may congratulate himself is that the Ministry which has been in power for the last six years has now ceased to exist, and that another and a better will within a few days take its place.

THE JUDGES' PROPOSALS.

THERE is more show than reality in the Judges' much lauded resolutions respecting legal reform. The opinion of almost all persons who have closely examined them is that the promise which they hold out is in the main illusory. Could it be otherwise? Could the Council of Judges be expected to speak freely and fully of the defects in judicial administration? If we left to the Horse Guards the abolition of abuses in the army, and to the Church its own reformation, we might look for results similar to those which the Council of Judges offers. Many excellent suggestions as to points of detail we should have, but nothing seriously affecting the Horse Guards or Bench of Bishops, we might be certain, would be done. And in like manner the Council of Judges, while fertile in suggestions as to various minutiae, is silent about some capital evils, and particularly about anomalies in their own position. They are often charged with being jealous of the growing importance of the County Courts, towards which the business of the country is drifting, and which would be more resorted to than they are but for the eccentric appointments made by the present Chancellor. There would seem to be a grain of truth in the charge, so singular is the silence in regard to the courts in which is transacted the bulk of the legal business of the country. The present jurisdiction of the County Court Judges is defined according to no principle. In Bankruptcy they determine all sorts of questions and up to any amount. And yet they are thought unfit to deal with the miserable slander and libel actions which form the staple of the business in the Queen's Bench Division. In illustration of the anomalous state of things, one fact is enough: actions in regard to claims founded on contract over £50 must be begun in the High Court, but under the last County Court Act such actions up to £100 must, at the request of one of the parties, be remitted to a County Court; and thus in solemn farce cases are bandied to and fro. No reform of much value is possible until everywhere exist local Courts with practically unlimited jurisdiction. The monopoly of the High Court and the artificial centralisation of business in London are the chief evils; and the Judges show no signs of resigning this monopoly or breaking up this concentration.

We are not denying that the Report contains valuable suggestions. The radical defect in it is that nothing which would affect the privileges, powers, or dignity of the Judges of the High Court themselves is hinted at. Nothing is said about shortening the long vacation, to which antiquity has not reconciled the public. No alteration is proposed likely to bring about a reduction in the number of Judges themselves, though it is notorious that this is practicable. Divisional Courts, condemned universally by the legal profession, are, under a new name, retained for practice cases. So also, contrary to the recommendations of many lawyers of eminence, is the Judge sitting at Chambers. It is questionable whether the number of appeals in regard to interlocutory matters, the scandal of English law, will diminish; it is possible, having regard to the greater judicial interference to be exercised over proceedings in Chambers, that they will be increased, and that the judicial days spent in determining miserable questions as to discovery and interrogatories will be even greater than they now are.

Two other defects, not less serious, are to be found in the Report—it proceeds upon no clear principles, and it is marked by timidity. If, instead of tinkering at the present system, the Council had gone to the root of most of the abuses, the present mode of remunerating solicitors, and

proposed that, in the absence of special agreements with their clients, they should be recompensed according to results, they would have raised a tempest against them. Solicitors—certainly the shortsighted portion of them—would have been up in arms at once, and "practical men" would have dogmatised about the impossibility of doing here what is done with no great difficulty elsewhere. But the Report would have opened the way to substantial reforms. Or, to take another supposition, conceive that the Report had drawn attention to the extent to which suitors are now taxed, and had urged that the law taxes now levied amount to a serious denial of justice, there would have been perturbation at the Treasury; but the Council would have hastened a step which must be made when law reform is seriously taken in hand. Suppose that, instead of making one more attempt to adjust the circuit system, the Council had said that further tinkering at it was useless, and that it must be replaced by district or local courts with unlimited jurisdiction, it would have sketched the outlines of an intelligible system. In the Report is nothing of the kind; no clear lines are drawn; ephemeral and feeble compromises are suggested. According to one competent critic, the real outcome of it all is that solicitors shall be allowed on "party and party taxation" more than they now get.

Fortunately, before all the suggestions in the Report are embodied in binding rules, it will be necessary to ask the sanction of Parliament; and to those who mean by law reform much more than a shuffling of the old cards, an opportunity will be given to make themselves heard. They will demand again that which has been so often refused—the appointment of a Royal Commission, composed not solely, or in the main, of Judges and lawyers—and they will find in this Report, with its limited range of proposals, a new argument for the expediency of this step. Before a Royal Commission the whole subject and the relations of the various parts will be reviewed. The wants of the various kinds of suitors, and in particular men of business, and the poor and ignorant who are now often fleeced if they approach a Court of Law, would be considered by people representing them. In such a Commission the presence of Mr. Burt or Mr. John Burns would be useful. Evidence would be taken as to the methods in use in countries where justice is cheaper and more expeditious than it is with us; and we might reasonably hope for a Report conceived in a larger and more liberal spirit than the much overpraised document issued by the Council of Judges.

THE NEW SEPARATISM.

IRRITATED by defeat, and eagerly searching for arguments to prove that a majority is not a majority but something else, the members of that which was once considered the constitutional party have been plunging from one constitutional blunder into another. We do not say that many of them have reached that height of ignorance from which Mr. Chamberlain lectured Mr. Bryce on the powers of the Supreme Court of the United States. So to err required a ripe audacity of which few men are capable. The recent blunders of the party have shown simply the mental confusion of an angry schoolboy. All the time that they have been able to spare from debasing the Constitution by corrupting the electors, they have devoted to the neglect of their own political education; and the result has been the spreading abroad of some startling constitutional doctrines. A little while ago they made themselves happy with the idea that a Unionist disaster at the General Election could be speedily repaired,

inasmuch as the House of Lords, safe from every gust of popular opinion, and with its mind already made up, would reject any Home Rule Bill which the House of Commons might pass, and would thereby force a dissolution. That delusion is gone. Nobody outside the peerage now imagines that any action of the House of Lords will be followed, or according to constitutional usage should be followed, by a dissolution, until the Government, having the confidence of the House of Commons, think a dissolution advisable. Having been set right on this elementary point of government, the friends of the Union have found consolation in another amazing theory, which is now in full swing. In one shape or another it ran through every one of their speeches in the debate on the Address. No doubt, they say, you have on paper a majority of forty, but if you analyse it you find that you have Ireland on the one hand and Great Britain on the other, and that if Ireland is with you Great Britain is against you; "therefore," to use Mr. Goschen's words, "if effect is to be given to a Home Rule Bill, it will be by the votes of the Irish members coercing the majority in Great Britain." The argument is obscure; but if it means anything, it means that the Home Rule Bill should be deferred until it is supported by a majority in each separate part of the United Kingdom. We are at a loss whether to admire most the confusion of thought which such an argument displays, or its disregard of the simplest principles of the Constitution, or the courage with which it has been cheerfully adopted by politicians who obtained office in 1885 by the aid of the Irish vote, who invented the name "Separatist" as a term of reproach, and who claim to have fought the election on the plank of Imperial unity. Surely if electoral disappointments prevented them from seeing the dangerous and unconstitutional line of the argument, considerations of prudence would have made them shun it. For ourselves, we protest against such new-fangled theories. We stand upon the ancient ways. We know of no constitutional means of going behind the back of a majority, and in the House of Commons we are unable to distinguish between an Irish member and a British member. We turn to those who in the past have spoken with authority on the Constitution, and whose teaching is despised by the revolutionists of the Unionist party, and the wisest of them tells us that "Parliament is not a Congress of ambassadors from different and hostile interests—which interests each must maintain as an agent and advocate against other agents and advocates—but Parliament is a deliberative assembly of one nation with one interest—that of the whole; where not local purposes, not local prejudices ought to guide, but the general good resulting from the reason of the whole." This seems to us not only sound constitutional theory but good common sense, and it brushes aside the whole Separatist argument of the Unionists. Having the knowledge that a majority in the United Kingdom is in favour of our policy, and fortified by the conviction that Home Rule concerns Ireland much more than Great Britain, we, while we press Home Rule forward, can well afford to leave to Mr. Goschen and Mr. Balfour the consolation that in Great Britain a trivial majority is against Home Rule.

If it is against Home Rule. But what assurance have we that this is the fact? If a majority in the United Kingdom is to be analysed, a majority in Great Britain must be analysed also. Last week we referred to the common belief that gross corruption prevailed at the General Election, and fresh evidence accumulates every day. In his admirable speech on Tuesday night, in which he took up the challenge that votes should be not only counted but analysed

—a speech exhibiting a capacity for criminal research that makes one think Mr. Jesse Collings was not so far out in calling him the Member for Scotland Yard—Mr. T. P. O'Connor showed, with abundant illustration, sparing neither the virtuous Member for Bury nor the refined Member for East Manchester, that the common belief is not due to the heated imagination of Liberals, but is built on evidence which cannot be dismissed without inquiry. Suppose that the charges of corruption are in the main well-founded, the simple truth of the matter then is that at least some forty or fifty gentlemen now sit in Parliament as supporters of Lord Salisbury who have no right to be there at all. The charges may yet be answered, but until this is done we decline to admit the claim of the Separatists that in Great Britain there is a majority against Home Rule. Let us press the point yet further. We need not rest our case upon suppositions. Even if the Unionist candidates and their supporters were as free from every taint of electoral corruption as angels from heaven, the fact remains that in scores of constituencies Unionists were returned, not to maintain the Empire, but to advocate the cause of the brewer and the publican. The fact is not open to question. The trade does not dispute it. Like Hal o' the Wynd, the brewers and the publicans openly fought for their own hand. Preparing for the election, Mr. Hamar Bass put their position in this frank manner: "I venture to say that this trade, retail or wholesale, ought to have no politics at all. Let the elector who is interested in the trade, and who earns by it an honest livelihood, take no part in politics except in support of those candidates who promise to support him and his interests in the House of Commons." The trade has faithfully adhered to this policy, keeping to its one object, and working against the Liberal party with an energy which no mere political faith can excite. Aided by the frequent indiscretions of the extreme temperance party, the publican has brought his customers to see that their interests are identical with his, and that, Home Rule or no Home Rule, the British workman must not be robbed of his beer. That this is the explanation of a great number of Liberal defeats, nobody has a grain of doubt. What, then, becomes of the boast of a Unionist majority in Great Britain? If we are to begin analysing votes, we must carry out the process consistently, and so doing we find that if Mr. Gladstone's must be considered an Irish majority, precisely in the same way must Mr. Balfour's be considered a publican majority. We prefer the nationality to the trade.

Mr. Goschen and his friends do not take much by their new and dangerous theory of analysis. It does not even establish the irrelevant proposition for which it was devised. A majority of the electors of the United Kingdom are in favour of Home Rule, and this being so, it is immaterial whether or not there is a majority in Great Britain the other way. But in point of fact we have no evidence that there is a majority the other way even in Great Britain.

THE RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

THE dividends of the English Railway Companies have now all been declared, and most of the companies have held their half-yearly meetings; it is possible, therefore, to judge of the results of the first half of the year. With three exceptions, the dividends are decidedly better than could have been expected when the year began, considering the gravity of the crisis through which the country is passing, and they are certainly not worse

than was generally anticipated, judging by the weekly traffic returns. As many as three companies distribute larger profits than for the first half of last year. The London and Brighton Company pays as much as $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., against $3\frac{1}{4}$ at this time last year. The London and Tilbury pays $2\frac{1}{2}$, against 2 per cent., and the London and Chatham pays $3\frac{3}{4}$ on its preference stock, against $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. twelve months ago. Three other companies—the Manchester and Sheffield, the Metropolitan, and the London and South Western—pay the same rates. Thus as many as six companies have either maintained their rates or increased them. How satisfactory this is will be understood when it is borne in mind that for five years in succession previously the railway dividends had been increasing. That so many companies have not suffered from the falling off in trade is highly promising for the future. Turning now to the other side of the account, we find that four companies—the Great Western, the Great Northern, the Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the Metropolitan District—pay $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. less than twelve months ago; four pay $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. less—the London and North Western, the Midland, the North Staffordshire, and the South Eastern. One—the Great Eastern—pays $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. less, and one—the North Eastern—pays as much as 3 per cent. less. Thus, out of sixteen companies, six have either increased or maintained their rates of dividend, and ten have had to distribute smaller profits. But the reduction is slight, barely $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in four cases.

The most unsatisfactory result of all is in the case of the North Eastern, which is able to declare a dividend of only 3 per cent., against 6 per cent. at this time last year. But that, as our readers know, is mainly due to the Durham strike, which lasted for not far short of three months and paralysed trade in the districts served by this company. The greater part of the loss will, of course, be recovered in the new half-year. It is true that the North Eastern depends very largely upon the iron trade, and that the iron trade in the North of England is now depressed; therefore it is not reasonable to look for a complete recovery. But after a while the iron trade will, no doubt, again become prosperous, and shareholders may hope that their property will become as good as ever it was. The most unsatisfactory of the dividends in reality are those of the Great Eastern and the South Eastern. Owing to the depression of trade, the shorter hours worked by all employed, and the rise in wages, it was known that the companies which depend mainly upon the carriage of goods for their income would not be able to realise as large profits in the past six months as they had done for some years previously; and while trade continues in its present state the goods-carrying lines will, of course, continue to suffer. On the other hand, the passenger traffic is increasing all over England. As we have frequently pointed out in this journal, the home trade continues good, and, besides, the residential traffic in the neighbourhood of large towns must necessarily grow as the towns themselves increase in magnitude. We find, then, that the London and Brighton Company has been able in the past half-year to pay as much as $3\frac{3}{4}$ against only $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. in the first half of last year, and yet the South Eastern has been able to distribute only $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. against $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. twelve months ago. The South Eastern works under very similar conditions to those affecting the Brighton. It has a large residential traffic, it has a considerable Continental traffic, and it depends mainly upon the carriage of passengers. Yet it is losing ground year after year, while the Brighton is gaining just as steadily. The dividend of the South Eastern is considerably less than half the dividend of the Brighton, and, small

as it is, it is getting smaller every year. It seems clear that there must be some serious mismanagement, that the proper facilities are not given to the travelling public, and that the fares charged are too high.

The Great Eastern dividend is not more satisfactory: it is barely $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent., against $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. twelve months ago—a reduction of fully one-half. The directors in their report attribute the exceptional decline partly to the disorganisation of trade owing to the Durham strike, and partly to the rise in wages and the shorter hours worked by their servants. The explanation, however, cannot be admitted to pass, for, with the exception of the North Eastern, no company has suffered either from the trade depression or from the labour difficulties so little as the Great Eastern has. Wages are as high on other lines, we presume, and the hours worked as short; yet the directors of other companies have been able to make up, to a certain extent, for the loss, by economies and by giving greater facilities to their customers. The real explanation appears to be that the fixed charges are growing too rapidly, and that too much capital has been laid out in ways that—as yet, at all events—have not proved remunerative. With these three exceptions, however, the dividends, taking them altogether, are fairly satisfactory. As yet there has not been as much fall in the price of coal as might have been expected, and the companies, therefore, have not been able to reduce their working expenses to the extent which was generally looked for. But coal will, of course, come down, and economies will be practised in various directions. It is always found that when trade falls off the decline in the earnings is felt more quickly than the reduction in the working expenses—no doubt because the companies have contracts running for a considerable time. As the old contracts expire, however, they will be able to enter into new ones on more favourable terms. But the main point against which the companies have to contend is the steady increase in their fixed charges. They are spending capital in good years and bad years alike. The capital is most frequently raised in the form of debenture stock or preference stock, and thus becomes a charge ranking before the dividends payable to the ordinary shareholders. A certain amount of capital expenditure, of course, must go on; but we are very much inclined to fear that the expenditure is not always judicious, and that very often it is incurred before it is required.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE profound calm now prevalent throughout Western Europe has been unbroken during the week by any incident of first-rate importance. In Afghanistan, no doubt, the situation is very serious. Russia is making way in the Pamirs, and is determined, apparently, to secure Kashgar, irrespective of Chinese claims. In Morocco the rebellion continues. There is much alarm among the foreign residents at Tangier, and they have very naturally demanded the despatch of European vessels of war for their protection. Mount Etna has broken out again, though less seriously, and there has been a sharp shock of earthquake at Coblenz and along the Rhine between that town and Bingen. Finally the cholera is increasing in Teheran and is progressing in Russia, though not very rapidly. There are a few cases in Moscow; it rages on the banks of the Volga and Don, and the Russian Government has appealed for aid to all qualified Russian physicians of either sex; but although the deaths hitherto are estimated at 25,000, the disease does not yet seem to be extending

westwards much. On the outbreak in Paris a reassuring report has been issued by the Consultative Committee of Hygiene, ascribing the recent epidemic solely to the use of polluted Seine water, declaring that it was confined strictly to the north and north-west suburbs, and that it was not, after all, Asiatic in its character. Dr. Daremberg combats this conclusion, and states, *inter alia*, that cholera germs in water may be killed by a slight admixture of citric acid, which ought to make it easy to stamp out the disease.

The second ballots in the elections for the departmental Conseils-Généraux, which were held on Sunday, complete the Republican triumph. Of the twelve departments formerly Conservative, six now return a Republican majority—viz., Sarthe, Charente, Eure, Ille-et-Vilaine, Gers, and Indre; while in La Vendée the representatives of the two parties are now equal. Altogether the Republican gain amounts to 195 seats. The recent declarations of the Pope have paralysed the Monarchist party, and enabled many of its former members to desert. In the Conseils d'Arrondissement, elected at the same time, the result is much the same. The Republicans gain 201 and lose 13 out of a total of 1,775 seats. In fact, the Monarchist party are completely crushed. Should their losses (as the *Times* correspondent points out) be in at all the same proportion at the Parliamentary elections next year, they will not form one-fifth of the next Chamber.

It is formally announced that a French squadron, probably consisting of three first-class ironclads and an unarmoured cruiser, will visit Genoa on September 7th on the occasion of King Humbert's visit to the Columbian Exhibition. The visit will be a return for the Italian visit to Toulon during the stay of the President in that town two years ago.

Regardless of the machinations of Lord Aberdare's agents, Lieutenant Mizon, "accompanied by his little negress," started afresh for the Niger, or, rather, for the Hinterland of the Cameroons, on Wednesday last. Some attention has been attracted in Paris by the suggestion of the *Morning Post* that the Niger Company may refuse to let him pass—a measure which would violate the Berlin agreement of 1885 securing the free navigation of the Niger.

Warlike operations are proceeding actively in Dahomey, and the natives have been defeated near Kotonou with severe loss. The French naval manœuvres are in progress in the Channel.

The Committees of the Belgian Chamber and Senate which are to formulate a scheme of constitutional revision will have various proposals, made chiefly by prominent politicians, laid before them on Monday next. On these they will report in October.

On his way to Varzin Prince Bismarck on Saturday passed through Spandau and Berlin. In both places he was the occasion of enthusiastic and tumultuous, if not overcrowded, demonstrations. At Berlin the crowd at the Stettin Station is variously estimated at from 1,500 to 10,000 persons; but even the latter figure would not be high relatively to a city with a population of a million and a half. Prince Bismarck panegyricised the Austro-German alliance, which was hardly necessary. Professor Von Treitschke, the historian, was prominent among the demonstrators. An attempt at a political speech by a spectator drove the Prince hastily to his carriage, but the speaker soon lost the ear of his audience. Prince Bismarck's Hamburg organ now vouchsafes a kind of explanation of his conversion. He always desired, it seems, to keep the Crown and Parliament in equilibrium. But this equilibrium is now disturbed, and with weaker men in high office, Parliament must be strengthened. In short, what was permissible under the giant Bismarck is not safe under the pigmy Caprivi.

On his return, the Emperor finds a most distasteful task awaiting him. Professor Virchow, the well-known physiologist and Liberal politician, has been elected rector of the University of Berlin, and the election requires Imperial confirmation. Now on the

Professor's seventieth birthday last year the Emperor conspicuously refrained from bestowing on him even his congratulations, still more those marks of favour which were given to his non-political colleague, Professor Helmholtz.

The week has seen a change in the Russian Ministry. Herr Herrfurth, Minister of the Interior, who succeeded Herr Von Puttkamer in the post under the Emperor Frederick, retires, owing, it is said, partly to ill-health, partly to his disapproval of Herr Miquel's proposals for a reform of Prussian finance, which will involve a large increase and readjustment of the sums granted in aid of local taxation by the central government. Rumour also says that he has not been properly backed in his efforts to repress Anti-Semitism. Count Eulenburg, President of the Prussian Ministry since Count Caprivi's retirement from the post, is to be his successor.

The Russo-German *rapprochement*, of which much has been heard during the last few months, is likely to be realised. A committee is now sitting to arrange the preliminaries of a commercial treaty between the two countries. The initiative came from Russia. She, at any rate, is not meditating war just now—a fact of which there is evidence *à priori* in the cholera and the famine, and *à posteriori* in the calm with which she receives the Sofia disclosures. Whether these are forged or not is quite uncertain; but it is suggested that some are genuine, and that they have been added to by the wily dragoman who, it is said, took them from M. Hitrovo. The latter, by the way, who is now Russian Ambassador to Portugal, is to be transferred to Japan, in which some people see a significance.

This autumn, it is announced, a Congress of Croats, Austrians Roumans and Serbs, Slovenes, and Czechs, is to assemble at Vienna and petition the European Powers to change the Austrian Empire into a Federal Union. The petition is also to be presented to the Emperor. If the story is true, we can only respect the political philosophy of the promoters, and admire their audacity.

An appeal to the Italian ministry from a Venetian electoral committee for official, or "officious," aid in the impending elections has drawn from Signor Giolitti the statement that the Government will not interfere in any way, nor permit its officials to do so. It remains to be seen whether the promise can be kept.

In Rome, on Saturday last, a Catholic procession bearing garlands to the statue of Columbus on the Pincian Hill was attacked by anti-clerical rioters and maltreated. The recent attribution by the Pope of ecclesiastical zeal to Columbus as his motive for discovery seems to have been the cause of the disturbance. The disturbers objected to the appropriation of Columbus as an Ultramontane hero.

The canton of Geneva formally adopted Proportional Representation in principle on Sunday last. The details are left to be settled by legislation. But probably each party will issue a ticket (several members being returned for each electoral district, or possibly the whole canton will be one district), and the first step in the count will be to ascertain what proportion of the representation each ticket is entitled to by the votes given for it. Then the seats will be distributed among the tickets in this proportion, the members being selected from each list according to the number of votes each receives. Of course, irritating fractions will always occur, and the treatment of them will probably leave ample scope for fraud. But the Moderates, who are terribly afraid of democracy, extol the system as a safeguard against the tyranny of the majority, of which Geneva had experience thirty years ago under M. Fazy. Still, as there are 18,000 voters, and the proposal was only carried by 3,771 to 2,484, the masses seem to be reserving their opinion.

On Monday the Greek Chamber voted the Budget and adjourned, after a long debate and an elaborate attack by M. Deliyannis on M. Tricoupis' financial policy. M. Rhallis, leader of the Third Party,

announced the separation of his followers from the Deliyannists, which naturally raised the debate to a higher pitch of acerbity.

The strike at the Carnegie works at Duquesne, Pennsylvania, has collapsed. But as the rest of the employers have come to an arrangement with their men, the trouble is hardly over, either there or at Homestead. A statement is being circulated by a news agency, showing that the rollers in the employ of the company were recently being paid at the rate of £647 10s. to £760 a year, while the heaters ranged from £476 to £578, and the crane-men received £287, for an eight hours' day in each case. These figures (sworn to by Mr. Frick) are based on the wages paid for May, 1892. We should like to know whether the payment is constant throughout the year, and also what the purchasing power of the wages is. The scale certainly seems enormous, as compared with English wages in the trade.

A revolution is reported from Bolivia, but it has apparently been repressed, and the disturbers expelled. In Venezuela anarchy seems to prevail, and General Crespo is marching on the capital.

FROM GREEN BENCHES.

IT is a trite observation, but it has to be often recalled, that the House of Commons is after all a business assembly. The result always is that when a conclusion is foregone it is quite impossible for anybody to really work up enthusiasm or excitement. Still, whatever be the conclusion of a battle, contending forces like the display of the bravery of their leaders and armies; and in the House of Commons even the strongest party is not above the desire of having its cause put forward by a champion who can make the worse appear the better reason.

But none of these causes for debate existed in the present condition of the House of Commons. Members had been called together at the end of a long Parliament and of a fierce election; they had been called to register a decision which had already been arrived at by the country; there were no Bills by the Government that was going out or the Government that was coming in to discuss. Accordingly this idea ran through the debate—the idea that the sooner it was over and done with the better; and that everybody who spoke was to be regarded as a being who, with maleficent intentions, stood between Parliament and the desire for the refreshing breezes of the sea or the health-giving waters of the spa.

There was a further and even more effective reason for the despondency and irresponsibility which has lain like a pall over the House of Commons for the last few days. A large number of its members are new; and although it does require a certain amount of self-confidence to face a constituency and win an election, there is still that atmosphere which doth hedge around the Parliament at Westminster, so that even the boldest quail. This has very curious results. On the one hand, there have been heard within the last few days sounds that are very strange, and almost shocking, to a House of Commons. Men have actually clapped their hands when speeches have come to a triumphant conclusion; and demonstrations have been made—of which more presently—that make one almost believe that the General Election is, after all, not yet over, and that men still think they are in the midst of one of those boisterous meetings in which the blood is stirred by the multitudinousness of the human face and the ringing cheers of enthusiastic friends. On the other hand, young members are rather afraid of the sound of their own voices. Thus it is that there is a curious mixture of frigidity and warmth in the new assembly; that party leaders rise up without that welcoming cry which always greets them when Parliament is

in full swing; that the points which in ordinary times are certain to produce the loud-resounding cheer wait painfully even for notice; and that thus even the hardest and most-tried warriors go through their performances with an ill-disguised sense and appearance of disappointment.

There could not have been a much abler presentation of the case for the Opposition than the speech of Mr. Asquith. Mr. Chamberlain, too, was in excellent form, and made palpable hits in the speech with which he opened Thursday's debate; and yet probably these gentlemen never before spoke to an audience which so signally failed to respond to the ferocity of their assault. It was not that either was not in his best form—both spoke as well as ever they did; but they had to deal with raw recruits, not veterans, and the result was that their efforts did not receive the encouragement that they expected and deserved. Furthermore, though there was a certain rather thin tendency to mere dialectics in the speech of Mr. Balfour, it was not without the hits which so often have roused to almost frenzied enthusiasm his delighted followers; and yet Mr. Balfour's speech gave the impression of failure, merely from the lack of those great outbursts of well-trained applause which always come when an assembly has been old and trained in the wicked ways of the *claque* and the rancorous energy of ironical cheers.

Indeed, things began badly. Mr. Dunbar Barton is an able Irish lawyer, with some of that national spirit by which even the most vehement Toryism is dashed in anybody who is descended from a Plunket. But somehow or other he was overborne by stress of circumstance; he read his speech in a painful monotone, which might suggest Archdeacon Farrar in a lugubrious mood; and the ridiculous full dress in which he was compelled to appear increased the idea and suggestion of funereal rites and the hired mute. Mr. Cross made things even worse. Mr. Barton is thin and high-cheek-boned; Mr. Cross is round, robust, and comfortable; and in an evil moment it occurred to the latter that it was his duty to live up to his appearance, and to present a contrast in style to his predecessor. The result was most disastrous. He set out with the idea of being funny; he concluded with the reality of lugubriousness, that set all his friends pensive, and rejoiced the hearts of his opponents. He began by the felicitous observation that all those who had occupied a similar position in previous Sessions had been turned out of Parliament. This was bad enough, but he went on to catalogue the names of all the other Tory warriors whom the recent fight had compelled to eat the dust, with the consequence that, as Mr. Asquith put it, his speech was a series of obituary notices. Obituary notices are well enough in their way, but as comic "copy" they are liable to failure, and that was just what happened to Mr. Cross's well-meant but unsuccessful jokes.

There was one man who came with success out of this trying ordeal. Mr. Gladstone is by this time accustomed to testimonies of delight and affection from his Irish allies; but his blood must have been stirred on Tuesday night when, as he entered, the Irish in a body rose to greet him. There was a curious pallor and a certain abstraction about his look, that is always the case when he has a great speech to deliver on a momentous occasion; but there was no sign of the feeble health and the tottering old age with which the Tory organs have credited him. Nor was there the smallest sign of any decay of those marvellous powers which have so long held the House of Commons in awe. It is true, as some of the papers have said, that his voice was husky at the beginning of his speech, but the huskiness was very short-lived; and there were parts of the speech which were delivered with as much beauty of tone as anything Mr. Gladstone ever spoke. The pallor of the face did not take from—it considerably added to—the effectiveness of the speech.

Mr. Gladstone himself felt all that he wished to inspire; and with all his marvellous courage and self-control, there was a deep undercurrent of pathos and emotion in the passages in which he spoke of his great age, and of Home Rule as the one absorbing passion of his remaining days. He had written out the passages in which he replied to the demands of Mr. McCarthy, but it was unnecessary. It was plain that the old man eloquent had still the same supreme command of language which would have enabled him offhand to answer the most difficult questions, and to steer clear and safe through the narrowest and rockiest straits. It was beautiful, touching, and superb, how he managed the speech; and if anything were wanted to bring its magnificence into further relief, it was supplied by the harsh tones, the crabbed logic, and the faltering accents of the beaten Leader of the House.

It is necessary to hurry on to the close. There was an idea that the majority might fall below its normal numbers. A majority of forty has been derided as no majority at all; and if there were anything under that on the first pitched battle, the enemy would have rejoiced. But the majority just stuck at the point, and there were cheers and risings in seats to applaud the opposing combatants, and from the Irish benches shouts of "Mitchelstown!" and "John Mandeville!" And then everybody cleared out as promptly as possible—for men must catch trains and get to bed, and the round world goes on pretty much the same even in the midst of political earthquakes and national cataclysms.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

THE relations of the House of Lords to the incoming Government will not be without precedent in our political history. During the second Administration of Lord Melbourne, from 1835 to 1841, there was much that was analogous to the present position as regards the relative forces of the Liberal party to the Tories in both Houses of Parliament, and it is probable that the same policy will be resorted to by the latter in the coming struggle as in the former period. After the General Election of 1835 the Liberals found themselves in a minority in the English constituencies. Scotland gave them a large majority; but even counting this, there was a majority of twenty for the Tories in Great Britain. The Liberal majority in the House of Commons therefore wholly depended on the Irish vote, and was less in number than the forty followers of O'Connell.

It is scarcely necessary to recall the understanding arrived at between the chiefs of the Liberal party and O'Connell, known as the Litchfield House Compact, for the purpose of ousting Sir Robert Peel's Government, and forming a new Ministry pledged to legislate for Ireland on certain defined subjects, and to administer its government in a spirit acceptable to the great body of its people. In consequence of this the Government was defeated in a succession of divisions, which culminated in a motion of Lord John Russell for the appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church for secular purposes, carried by a majority of 33. Sir Robert Peel then resigned, and Lord Melbourne's Administration was formed, which substantially carried on the government with this majority, renewed in the General Election of 1837, till 1841, when it was defeated and routed on an appeal to the constituencies.

During these six years the Liberals were sustained in office loyally and persistently by the Irish members, and in spite of an overwhelming majority against them in the House of Lords. Precisely the same arguments that are now being furnished up

against the return to power of Mr. Gladstone were then used against Lord Melbourne's Government—namely, that it owed its majority to the Irish members only, and was in a minority in England and Great Britain, and that compact with them was discreditable. There was the same virulent abuse of the Irish members in the *Times* and the Tory press. The Tories during this period made the Irish policy of the Government the principal object of their attack; and, when beaten in the House of Commons, they used their forces in the House of Lords to defeat the Irish Bills and to harass the administration of the Government in Ireland. The supporters of Lord Melbourne on Irish questions in the Lords were also scarcely more numerous than the members of that House who are now believed to be in favour of Home Rule.

There were four principal subjects of agreement between the Liberals and the Irish party, and consequent contention with the Tories:—(1) The appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church to secular purposes. (2) The reform of the Municipal Corporations of Ireland upon the same lines as those conceded in England. (3) The extension of the Parliamentary franchise, which was then much more limited than that in England. (4) The administration of Ireland upon terms of equality and justice to the Catholic population, involving the overthrow of the Castle policy, known as the Protestant Ascendancy.

The first of these was introduced in a clause of the Tithe Commutation Bill. Passed by the party majority in the Commons, it was rejected by the Lords by an overwhelming majority, and the Government could only muster forty-one peers in support of it. In three successive sessions the Government pressed their policy, and when defeated in the Lords they withdrew their Tithe Bill rather than pass it without this clause. In the fourth session (1838) they gave way to the Lords, and agreed to pass the Tithe Bill without this clause, and thus surrendered the principle on which they had obtained office. To the second of these measures—the reform of the Irish Corporations—the Tories offered the most strenuous opposition in the Commons; and when beaten there, fell back on the Lords. In two successive years the Lords rejected the Bill by enormous majorities. In the third year Sir Robert Peel offered a compromise of a humiliating character—namely, to restrict the reform to seven of the principal towns, abolishing the corporations elsewhere, but insisting upon a very high franchise in these seven towns. Lord John Russell was willing to accept the compromise subject to a somewhat lower franchise; but the Lords re-inserted the higher franchise, and only thirty-six peers supported the Government in favour of a low franchise. The Bill was then dropped. It was not till the fifth year (1840) that the measure was passed, on the Government submitting to the terms offered by Sir Robert Peel. This surrender caused the gravest discontent in Ireland. On the question of the Irish Parliamentary franchise the Government was no more successful. It failed to carry its measures, and in 1840 was repeatedly defeated on a reactionary proposal of Lord Stanley, and only succeeded in defeating it by time. On the subject of their Irish policy, nothing could be more admirable than the action of the Government in supporting Drummond's administration, now universally recognised as the one bright spot in the modern history of Ireland. The House of Lords, however, did their best to harass and defeat it. In 1839 they carried by an overwhelming majority an adverse motion for a Committee of Inquiry, and only fifty-eight peers supported the Government. In the following year, on the report of the Committee, Lord Brougham carried a hostile resolution condemning the Administration.

There can be no doubt that the surrender of the Government to the Lords on two measures of such vital importance to their policy of conciliation greatly weakened them in the eyes of the English

constituencies, and contributed mainly to their defeat in the General Election of 1841. In fact, the Opposition were successful in their manœuvres. They secured for a time the interests for which they were fighting. They humiliated the Government and the House of Commons. They did so at a heavy cost of future difficulty and disturbance in Ireland. Historians and statesmen now, with rare exceptions, recognise the very serious error of statesmanship of Sir Robert Peel in thus using the House of Lords to thwart and defeat the Irish policy of Lord Melbourne's Government. It was the last chance of making the Act of Union acceptable to the Irish people. The failure led at once to the agitation for Repeal of the Union and to all the subsequent troubles in Ireland.

The fate of Lord Melbourne's Government shows how unwise it was, even from a party point of view, to surrender to, or to compromise with, the Lords on such matters, and should be a warning to Liberals in the coming struggle. There can be little doubt that the policy of the Opposition of 1835-40 will be renewed in the coming Parliament. The Tories and their allies will do their best to defeat the Government measures in the Commons, and, failing this, will fall back on the Lords. There is this difference, however—that, compared with that period, the House of Lords is far weaker in popular estimation, and public opinion is far stronger, while the questions at issue are of much greater importance. The Opposition in the previous period confined their mischievous activity in the Lords mainly to the Irish policy of the Melbourne Government. The Lords were even then afraid to show the same hostility to measures of reform for England. We have it on the authority of the Duke of Wellington, in a well-known letter to the late Lord Derby, that he did his utmost, and successfully, to induce the Lords to accept measures of reform sent up to them from the Commons during that period, and avoid conflict save upon Irish questions.

Whether there will be anyone prepared to follow the example of the Duke of Wellington in the coming Parliament, and to induce the Peers to swallow measures of English reform which may come to them from the Commons, we know not. It will be interesting to observe the course of the Dissident Liberal Peers under the leadership of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Derby. They will not be embarrassed, as their colleagues in the House of Commons, by Tory constituents. They will be in a position to take an independent course. Will they support and aid Lord Salisbury in harassing the Liberal Government in the House of Lords on other subjects than Home Rule, and in thwarting and defeating Radical measures affecting England and Scotland which come up from the Commons; or will they support such measures and vote against the Tories? In any case, their numbers will not be sufficient to turn the scale if the Tory Peers should be minded to use their majority with the object of forcing a dissolution whenever it may be convenient to them. Lord Salisbury, in the debate on the Address, has promised that in the coming Parliament the House of Lords will be the centre of interest, and in his past action he has shown indications that he is not unprepared to face the consequences of a conflict between the two Houses.

What the Liberal party should insist on is that there should be no compromise with the Lords on the measures sent up to them; that there should be no recognition in any way of the new-fangled proposition that the House of Lords has the right to force a Dissolution upon the Government of the day whenever it thinks it expedient to do so. It will be better policy rather to multiply the occasions of difference, so as to bring into strong relief the great gulf between the Lords and the Commons on all matters on which the electors have given their verdict, and to cumulate these differences against the day of reckoning, whenever it shall be expedient

to take the verdict of the country not upon the Home Rule Bill only, or upon the general course of legislation, but upon the status of the House of Lords itself.

A PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association has been severely attacked during the past year by malcontents, both within and without the camp. It has, they say, degenerated into a huge picnic; it no longer serves to awaken scientific interest among the inhabitants of the towns which it visits, since this has been done already; and, finally, the papers read before its own members are of a trivial character. It would perhaps be rash to pass over in silence the facts which support such a charge. We all know the self-advertising young person, whose "adventures" outstrip his or her discoveries, an individual not uncommon in the Geography Section; we know, too, the perennial members whose incontinence of speech has achieved for them an unenviable reputation. These are mischievous time-wasters, who deserve to be suppressed without mercy by the generally too lenient sectional presidents. But neither they nor the lady-butterflies, who are so much in evidence as they flit noiselessly from room to room, and make the benches bright with their presence, can make us ignore the fact that real and solid work is being done, and done continuously, by the British Association.

Professor Ewing, in one of the public lectures, quoted a saying of Faraday's—to the effect that it was impossible to teach and to be popular at the same time in a public discourse. Possibly this view is too absolute, but it is at least true that no scientific man would care to stake his reputation on the performance of so delicate a task as that of gauging the exact capacity for intellectual assimilation of a large and mixed audience; and it is not therefore to the three public addresses, but to the proceedings in the sections, that we must look for evidence of our assertion. Let us, for example, choose Section A, the one which deals with mathematics and physics, but chiefly, it may be said, the latter subject. In an opening address (which contained perhaps more original matter than any of the later communications) to the section, Professor Schuster first touched on a point of very great importance, and which is just beginning to be realised by university teachers in physical science. "I cannot help expressing a strong conviction," he said, "that the highly specialised entrance examinations of the older universities are a curse to all sound school education, and will prove a still more fatal curse to what concerns us most nearly—the progress of scientific knowledge. If school examinations could be more general, if scientific theories could only be taught at an age when a man is able to form an independent judgment, there might be some hope of retaining that originality of ideas which has been a distinctive feature of this country, and enabled our amateurs to hold a prominent position in the history of science. At present a knowledge of scientific theories seems to me to kill all knowledge of scientific facts." The scientific amateur Dr. Schuster defines to be "one who learns his science as he wants it and when he wants it"; and he is undoubtedly right in saying that some of the very best work in the kingdom has been done by men who, like Faraday and Joule, have had no systematic training. Dr. Schuster thinks "there is a distinct advantage in having one section of scientific men beginning their work untrammelled by preconceived notions, which a systematic training in science is bound to instil." Here, we confess, we join issue with him. Surely if teaching kill originality, it is not the fault of the teaching *qua* teaching, but of the teacher. The plain truth is that English scientific teaching is so often dogmatic and uncritical that it does produce the sterilising effect to which Dr. Schuster alludes;

and the fact that we have been able to keep our ranks among nations with the help of our amateurs, simply proves the greatness of our intellectual resources. If we were to use them better, we should surely take a still higher place. In France and Germany, where the scientific amateur is extremely rare, we find no scarcity of originality. Dr. Schuster thinks the true function of an English University is to produce a public capable of judging, appreciating, or condemning the work of the amateur discoverer, but not to foster the advance of science by original research. We scarcely believe that his views are likely to prevail; but the basis on which they rest deserves very serious attention. The more technical portions of the address contained a searching and original criticism of certain modern doctrines, which show very plainly that Dr. Schuster, who is a University professor, has done himself injustice in this capacity. He points out clearly how names such as "potential energy" and "electrical displacement" have been accepted as explanations, and have served to cover ignorance of facts which need further analysis and further investigation. His own researches on the discharge of electricity in gases, when the positive and negative poles display such different properties, have led him to conclude that there must be some fundamental difference between a positively and a negatively charged atom, a difference which recent theories have tended to slur over. He considers it now an established fact that whereas a negative electrification of a gas, like that of a solid or liquid, seems always confined to the surface, yet wherever from other considerations we should expect a positively electrified surface sheet, we always get a layer of finite thickness. Dr. Schuster has, moreover, recently shown that gases may be rendered conductors and electrolysed; he conjectures, therefore, that the upper portions of our atmosphere act like conductors, and by their bodily motions, indicated by barometric changes, produce the chief portion of the daily variation of the magnetic needle. Before concluding he made a series of ingenious suggestions as to the nature of sun-spots and their connection with electric discharges on the sun's surface. This address we have briefly and inadequately sketched.

After the address, the section, which included Lord Kelvin, Sir G. Stokes, and nearly all our leading physicists, sat every day from ten in the morning to one or two in the afternoon, listening to a long series of papers, of which all recorded some work done, and many were of considerable importance. Professor von Helmholtz and two of his assistants at the Physikalische Reichsanstalt at Charlottenburg, and also M. Guillaume, of the Bureau International des Poids et Mesures, had come over to discuss the question of units, which is of so much practical importance in these days of electric lighting. It may be mentioned that it is on investigations carried out by a committee of the British Association that the new international electric units are founded, and work on this and similar subjects is carried out with the help of funds from the Association. Professor Oliver Lodge read a paper on the institution of a National Laboratory in our country, similar to the Physikalische Reichsanstalt, in which a staff of seventy trained observers and mechanics are employed in testing commercial standard thermometers and electrical resistances, and also in the far more important work of determining the best form for physical standards and the exact relations between various existing ones. It is to be remarked that the German institution was originally founded by Werner Siemens, and taken over by the Imperial Government only after it had been organised. But perhaps in this case an English Government will show for once that it can lead instead of following private enterprise. Among the more important papers read before the section was one by Professor Michelson, in which he showed how the resolving power of the spectroscope might be increased by making use of interference

methods, so that lines which seem with our present appliances single, are shown to consist of several lines—a fact of considerable interest in connection with the question of atomic complexity.

It would be impossible within a reasonable space to give an idea of the formal papers read before by this section alone, and other sections—notably the Biology Section—were equally productive. And these papers represent only a fraction of the benefit derived from the meeting. We give one final quotation from the address of the president of Section A:—"The free discussion which takes place in our sections, the interchange of ideas between men who, during the rest of the year, have occupied their minds perhaps too much with some special problem, the personal intercourse between those who are beginning their work with sanguine expectations and those who have lost the freshness of their enthusiasm, should surely . . . ensure prosperity to our meetings." The grumblers are answered.

THE CONGRESS OF EXPERIMENTAL PSYCHOLOGY.

MODESTLY, as befits a young science—or, to speak more properly, the young inheritor of an old estate—Experimental Psychology holds its Congress once in three or four years. The first Congress was held at Paris three years ago. The second took place last week at University College, and must be pronounced to have been very successful in the quality of the work offered, in the attendance, and in the interest which the papers and discussions excited. It augurs well for the growing attention which is paid to the subject, that sessions which were held for four days, and for five hours each day, were always well and, for the most part, largely attended. The scientific papers will, however, be studied best when they appear in the printed report. The chief use of such a Congress is the opportunity it affords to students from different nations and in different parts of the subject to learn to know each other, not merely as writers, but as men and fellow-workers, and to exchange courtesies and encouragement as well as ideas. The gathering of students from Europe, America, and England was, on the whole, a strong one, though a few distinguished men were, as inevitably happens, prevented from coming, and were represented by their papers; and though unfortunately the most eminent worker in physiological psychology, Professor Wundt, did not join the Congress.

The most satisfactory feature of the meeting was that it was thoroughly representative of all the departments of work embraced under the loose name of experimental psychology. A great change has come over psychology in recent years. It is now recognised to be a natural science. It has even ceased to be dependent chiefly upon introspection, and its greatest activity is devoted to laboratory experiments and to "clinical" observations of mental states. We might well believe Professor James when he says that Dr. Bain's work is probably the last great effort of analytical psychology, if Professor James had not himself done so much to disprove his own assertions. In fact, as Dr. Bain pointed out at the Congress, the work of introspection is by no means finished, but the range of data available for the psychologist has become immensely extended in many directions. A glance at the programme of the Congress suffices to show from how many sources light is now being thrown upon mental operations. There were papers on hypnotism on its theoretical and on its practical or medical side, papers on psychophysics, on pure neurology, on the psychology of animals, upon hallucinations, and upon thought-transference. To the general public the name of experimental psychology is apt to call up the notion of apparitions and thought-transference, or at most hypnotism. As a matter of fact, ghosts and thought-

transference occupied comparatively little space in the proceedings of the Congress. The problems which are specially connected with the name of the Society for Psychical Research are, we believe, legitimate objects of inquiry, and the census of hallucinations, of which the President read the report, is undoubtedly a useful work. But the conclusions which they draw will at present be hardly regarded as convincing. It is quite otherwise with hypnotism, which has yielded in a short time a mass of valuable results for psychology. Partly the new facts have confirmed previous psychological theories, and in especial the theory connected with the name of Dr. Bain—that ideas, if unresisted, tend to become actual realities. Partly they have let in a flood of light upon the nature of the mental continuity. A man may now reckon himself lucky that he is one person, and he cannot even be sure that he really is. Certain it is that the same brain may be the basis of several groups of mental states, the coherence of which with one another may be very imperfect. Many valuable contributions were made to the subject at the Congress by Professors Janet, Bernheim, Delbœuf, and others. Some discussion was excited by Dr. Bérillon's proposal to use hypnotism to remove evil propensities from children. After all, ordinary education is not very different in kind from hypnotisation.

The section devoted to hypnotism naturally attracted the largest public attention, but these phenomena, which we may call, for convenience, and with the fear of the Nancy doctors before our eyes, pathological, by no means exhaust the subject of experimental psychology. There is a much larger department in the experimental study of the normal individual. This was well represented at the Congress by papers, some of which were more specifically neurological, on the localisation of functions in the brain and similar questions; others were more directly psychophysical, dealing with various important questions on the psychology and physiology of the senses; others were experimental treatments of the more complicated psychological problems of the emotions and the will. With this physiological psychology the future of the science seems largely to lie. It is impossible in a brief article either to describe the papers which were read at the Congress, necessarily of a more technical and less popular character, or to exhaust the list of subjects comprehended under this department. Since the days of Weber and Fechner and the appearance of the great works of Professor von Helmholtz—whose presence graced the earlier meetings of the Congress—the application of laboratory methods to psychology has been gaining in extent, and has been systematised by the labours of Professor Wundt. Exact quantitative measurement is now applied to psychological problems. Many of the results hitherto obtained have done nothing more than give precision to laws already known. But this is a great gain, and experimentation on psychical phenomena, even the most complex, seems to admit of indefinite extension. One thing, at least, which English students will have carried away from this section of the Congress is the hope that before long psychological laboratories will be introduced into England. They exist in Germany, France, Holland, Denmark, the United States, and our own colony, Canada. No psychological laboratory worthy of the name exists in the country which has in the past made by far the most important contributions to the science of psychology.

THE SALE OF THE ALTHORP LIBRARY.

AS soon as the authoritative announcement appeared that Earl Spencer intended to sell his world-famous library, speculation began as to his probable buyer and destination. Many eager bibliophiles, especially such as enjoy the luxury of heavy balances at their bankers', hoped that it might pass under the hammer. Others feared that

some American millionaire or syndicate would resolve to make the latest budding town or university in the Far West famous for all time as possessor of the finest private library left in the Old World. Few dared to hope that any single and unaided Englishman would venture to secure what Lord Spencer could no longer hold. Great Britain, with all its wealth, enterprise, and culture, has afforded far fewer examples of the expenditure of large sums upon books than the United States. It probably never occurred to anyone that an English lady would rapidly and effectually secure the whole collection. This is what Mrs. Rylands, the widow of the late John Rylands—probably the wealthiest of the many wealthy Manchester merchants of this generation—has done. And, if report speaks truly, she intends in some form or other to place the Althorp Library, supplemented by a large number of volumes calculated to strengthen even that collection, at the disposal of all lovers of books and earnest students in the great city of Manchester. Such munificence is all the more grateful because of its rarity, and a special interest attaches to this event on account of its significance. The head of a great historic house, one of the leading figures in the politics of the day, the master of the most noted pack of hounds in England, is compelled to part with one of the chief glories of his great country house. It passes into the hands of a wealthy lady, closely associated with the great commercial interests of England, Nonconformist by birth, conviction, and practice, who is believed to intend devoting the 50,000 volumes to the widest possible public benefit.

And yet, while rejoicing on this account, all those who have enjoyed the pleasure of a leisurely inspection of these rare and precious books at Althorp will experience regret at the change. Althorp both in itself and by association formed a perfect home for such a library. Since the earliest years of the sixteenth century the Spencer family has resided at Althorp. The house has grown with the growth of the family, and upon the walls of its many chambers hang the portraits of famous men and lovely women who have been so directly connected with its life. Some of the Caxtons and early English books may have occupied the leisure hours of the John Spencer who in the reign of Henry VIII. laid solidly and well the foundation of the family greatness. The first Baron Spencer, in the closing months of Queen Elizabeth's life, planted some of those trees, which afterwards aroused the interest of John Evelyn. Here the wife and son of James I. were entertained on their way to London in 1603. Hence Henry Spencer, the first of the family to enjoy the title of Earl of Sunderland, the youthful husband of the lovely Dorothy Sidney, Waller's Sacharissa, went in 1643 to the battle of Newbury, where he lost his life. It was while playing bowls at Althorp that Charles I. was summoned by Cornet Joyce to begin that fateful journey that ended on the scaffold at Whitehall. Here the second and most famous Earl of Sunderland passed much of his time, and here he entertained William III. His son, the third Earl of Sunderland, who collected the great library known by his name and sold under the hammer a few years since, here indulged his literary tastes. By intermarriage the Spencers became allied with the Marlboroughs and the Cavendishes, and other great English families, and many noted portraits of these family connections adorn the walls of Althorp.

But it was during the later years of the life of George John, Earl Spencer, and especially between 1807 and 1834, that the great bulk of the bibliographical rarities at Althorp were obtained. Coming late in the family history they seemed to complete nobly the rich collections accumulated in the old house during three centuries of strong vigorous life. To the historic imagination it appears fitting that a mansion enriched by so many memories of kings, statesmen, nobles, poets, and beauties, should add to its family portraits by Vandyck and Lely, and

Reynolds and Gainsborough, to its masterpieces by Raphael and Rembrandt and Teniers, the library so amply supplied with all most cherished and sought for in bibliography. To the practical mind of to-day it seems even more fitting to take these thousands of books from where they could be consulted only by tens, and place them where they may delight and interest and educate thousands.

Glance for a moment or two through the stately rooms ere the volumes are disturbed from their half-century's repose. Wherever the eye turns, it falls upon volumes which are a treat to see—a luxury to handle. It is not so much the number which impresses one as their choice quality. At every turn magnificent examples of all the past masters in the art of binding abound. You take down a volume at hazard, and discover that it is an early classic, printed upon pure and lovely vellum, and as clean as the day it left the printer's hands. You see long rows of huge folios, and on closer inspection discover that they are not only a complete set of the great Bible Polyglots, but that two of them, the Antwerp and Walton's, are on large paper—books to make any ordinary collector at once break the Tenth Commandment and give way to despair.

There are degrees in all things, even in an Althorp Library, and there the acme of delight for the genuine bibliophile is afforded by the inspection of the unrivalled collection of treasures preserved in the room where George John, the great collector, used to sleep. The walls from floor to ceiling are lined with volumes, of which it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that any one of them would add lustre even to a great collection. Here, for example, standing side by side in long and stately rows, preserved in rich and time-worn bindings, are fine copies of all the early Latin and German Bibles, many of them printed on vellum. Here even the Gutenberg Bible pales before a superb copy of its later, but much rarer, brother, the Bible printed at Bamberg about 1460 by Albert Pfister. Extremely few libraries can boast of a single copy of the great Mentz Psalter. Here are three, the editions of 1457, 1459, and 1490. The last copy sold at public auction of the 1457 edition brought nearly £5,000. Side by side with these priceless monuments of the first printing-presses stands an altogether abnormal collection of their immediate predecessors, the block books. The fortunate connoisseur who manages, after long years of waiting, to secure one such, thinks himself happy. Here there is a whole shelf full. And, more than this, pasted inside the old board cover of a MS.—one of the few at Althorp—is the unique print of St. Christopher, bearing the date 1423, the earliest known dated example of block book engraving. Inside the other cover is pasted an engraving of the Annunciation, similar in style and contemporary in age. It is said that had the library come under the hammer, the authorities at Berlin would have given an unlimited commission for this volume. As fit companions to this splendid example, stand fine copies of the *Ars Memorandi*, *Sancti Johannis Apocalypsis*, *Ars Moriendi*, *Biblia Pauperum*, etc., the marvellous collection being completed by two copies of *Litterae Indulgentiarum Nicolai V. Pont.*, probably the earliest specimens known of printing with movable types.

But space fails for enumeration of even the kinds of bibliographical varieties contained in these cases. In one corner stand fifty-seven Caxtons, four unique; while around them crowd numerous and superb examples of every early English printer. Beneath these repose the four folios and other rare Shakespearians. Here also is to be seen a 1535 Coverdale English Bible, though by some curious chance the series of English Bibles and Testaments include relatively the poorest copies in the room. Althorp is redeemed, however, even in this class, by a Tindale Pentateuch, a splendid 1536 octavo Tindale Testament, and a superb 1537 Coverdale quarto, the only fine large and perfect copy known. Add to

such examples as these a noble copy of the Giustiniani Psalter of 1516, on vellum, containing as its note on Psalm XIX. the earliest life of Christopher Columbus, fine copies of all the classical *editiones principes*, many on vellum, hundreds of Aldines, Luther's Bible on vellum, the finest "extra illustrated" Clarendon in existence, and hosts of later volumes, like the first edition of Walton's "Compleat Angler," and you cease to marvel that this one room was considered to be worth considerably over £100,000.

Even as we write, these treasures are beginning to depart from the stately house which they have adorned since their removal from St. James's Square. But they go to touch wider circles of thought, to pass under many more eyes, to develop the culture of numbers whose lot is cast amid the flying shuttle and the whirling spindle. There they will be, possibly, even more highly prized, and certainly more generally useful, than in the stately and beautiful rooms of the ancient home of the Spencers.

MODERN GERMAN NOVELISTS.

I.—M. VON EBNER ESCHENBACH.*

THE insignificance of modern German fiction has often been commented upon. But without in any way wishing to claim for German novelists the moulding influence exercised by their French, Scandinavian, or Russian fellow-workers, or those striking examples of talent—perhaps genius—to be found amongst living masters of English prose, it may yet be suggested that some modern German writers do exist, worthy to be ranked with the best of those who at this moment are striving to realise, within the bounds of their own individuality and nationality, the artistic aims of our time. It is possible that the prevailing estimate may partly be due to a rather uncertain knowledge of the language, to the extremely old-fashioned selection of German novels, even in the best circulating libraries, and—to the unliterary taste of the public as regards translations. It strikes one as quite curious to hear intelligent people seriously discussing German authors and authoresses who in their own country are relegated to the happy appetite of the customers of second-rate lending libraries. Perhaps, therefore, it may not be superfluous to show what the German literary public, those who love their Tolstoi and Loti, their Rudyard Kipling and their Ibsen, find it worth their while to read and to admire.

In placing the Baroness Ebner Eschenbach at the head of a—very small—list of authors, it is not intended by any means to establish a hierarchical order of precedence, but it may be advantageous to begin with a writer who in all probability has only to be well translated in order to be universally liked and read. Of course it is quite possible that, just as in Germany the average reader enjoys her pleasant, mostly amusing tales, with an innocent unconsciousness of her unconventional, subtle, and yet strong artistic qualities, so in England the "Dorf- und Schlossgeschichten" may only be looked upon by many as pretty stories, and interesting descriptions of real aristocratic and rural life in Austria. And it is quite conceivable that her special advantage over other "foreign" authors may be considered to lie not so much in literary merit as in her desirability for the "young person," that bugbear of the novelist. Of course we all know that this "advantage" is not an artistic necessity; but neither is it, strictly speaking, a stigma. With her the distinction of subject and treatment proceeds from no narrowness, for she has intensely human sympathies; but an undeniable idealism is coupled with her realistic power of producing the "true truth," and together with her keen eye for all that

* Dorf- und Schlossgeschichten:—Das Gemeindkind. Zwei Comtesen. Lotti die Uhrmacherin. Aphorismen, etc. Berlin: Gebrüder Paetel.

is ludicrous and trivial, there is a strong belief in human nature, which is less modern than her literary creed.

Notwithstanding the unpretentiousness of these tales and sketches, German criticism is almost unanimous in placing her amongst the very best novelists of our time. This universal recognition has not been easily reached; it only dates back ten or fifteen years; and our authoress is now sixty, but it has come spontaneously, without the trumpeting of any literary set. Baroness Ebner Eschenbach belongs by birth and by marriage to that inner circle of the Austrian aristocracy whose contented exclusiveness is unattained by any other class of society in any other nation. However much her knowledge and sympathy may surpass that of her surroundings, she has wisely restricted her range of subjects to the world she knows, to humorously ironical descriptions of fashionable Viennese society, to types of provincial squires, and to peasant life in Galicia, or as it surrounds her in the old family castle in Moravia. These are by no means new subjects, and there is no original trickery about her style, but she writes as numberless modern novelists would write, if they could, graphically, tersely, and brightly, and with an underlying vein of genuine feeling. Without specially suggesting analytical retrospection and dissection, her characters are original and lifelike, and she attains this goal, that can be reached by many paths, without showing the work of the shop, the anatomical drudgery, the laborious notes. She has that rare gift, rarest among women—although perhaps less so in England than across the water—a genuine sense of humour, as distinguished from the less genial and less warming forms of sarcasm and wit. Although her dialogue attains the inimitable polish of the best French authors no more than do the writers of any other less favoured nationality, her short sentences are natural and light, and novel-readers will remark with especial praise that she rarely describes nature and scenery, and then only with scanty yet suggestive touches. Perhaps after this commendation it may be well to round and vivify her portrait by painting in the necessary shadows, and to admit that her heroes, especially the earlier ones, often show the amiable convention of a too exceptional elevation of character. It must also be admitted that her talent—and many give it a higher name—stops short of the convincing realisation of passion, as a rare but all-surmounting force, as an artistic climax, to which genius owes some of its greatest triumphs, and the average novelist the cheapest of cheap effects. This want is especially apparent in her one attempt at a long and tragic novel, in "Unsühnbar," which, notwithstanding some delightful scenes and characters, many consider her one failure, and which is also the one work in which she oversteps the above-mentioned young person's horizon.

The "Pauper Child" ("Das Gemeindegeld") is perhaps her most considerable achievement. A besotted brute of a workman murders an old priest; when seized, he declares that his wife plotted and assisted at the deed, and she—who, together with the little boy, had borne daily his ill-treatment and the brunt of the labour in dumb submission—seems too terrorised to answer more than "just as my husband says." The man is executed, and although the Court is entirely in the mother's favour, she has to be sentenced to sixteen years of hard labour. Pavel and Milada, their two children, are left on the hands of the parish, and whilst the old Baroness at the Schloss adopts the girl, Pavel is handed over to the village shepherd; for although this individual and his whole family are notoriously depraved, what harm could any evil contamination do to one so hardened in vice as the murderer's son presumably must be? It would take too long to tell how boldly and subtly the character of this, to all appearance, doomed child is developed before our eyes. Temptations, ill-treatment, and unjust suspicion above all, draw out a perverted, dare-devil energy, and a dogged, almost cynical, wish to appear worse than he

is—as bad as he popularly is supposed to be. But the right chord is touched by the entreaties of his sister, now a nun, to whom he is devotedly attached, and whose one dream is to save her parents from everlasting wrath by the passion of her prayer and by the spotlessness of her life. His new resolutions are strengthened and adapted to practical purpose by the desire to build a house in which to receive his mother, his faithful, true-hearted (although, to the best of his knowledge, guilty) mother, when her term of imprisonment shall be over. The schoolmaster assists him in this up-hill work, weighted as poor Pavel is by the relentlessly clinging reproach of his thieving and poaching past. The villagers hinder him and sneer at his plodding perseverance, but he works doggedly on, and gradually gains over that grievously unreliable factor even of country life—public opinion. A glorious free fight, characteristically rural, in which he maintains his good cause, marks the turn of the tide. The shepherd's daughter, who had banefully influenced his boyhood and is now a prosperous widow, graciously implies her readiness to marry the former pauper child; but he has shaken off her power and despises her, dreaming of a future wife who shall respect him as much as he respects her. Finally, the story closes with the return of his mother, who tells him simply that a wife swears allegiance to her husband at the altar, and has to keep her oath, even if innocently accused, even if innocently condemned. The insight into character is specially striking. With what refined irony the self-satisfied, unconscious spiritual pride of the adored nun, Milada, is contrasted with the erring, but genuine nature of her humbler brother. How quaint and original is the kindly, domineering old Baroness, what an interesting study in "grey and grey" the schoolmaster presents, and how humorous those ponderous deliberations of the thick-headed villagers! Perhaps the sympathies of the authoress are most specially drawn out toward these peasant folk, whom she has known and cared for since earliest childhood; her sarcastic turn of mind is chiefly reserved for the more prosperous circle of her acquaintance. Her Comtesse Muschi in the "Zwei Comtessen" has created a type, and thereby shown her delineation to be symptomatically true. It is the type of the sporting girl of the period, but developed in Austrian aristocratic surroundings. The story, as told in racily idiomatic letters, only fills forty pages, but these suffice to give one a vivid picture of the red-handed, daring, and frank girl, of the cigar-smoking mother, and of the penniless Count Fred, who had admired Comtesse Muschi hopelessly, and now behaves so nicely on the advent of the desirable suitor; and he is as perfectly adorable in an impromptu circus, where he acts the ballet girl on the back of his brother, as in the game which consists in everyone thrusting their noses in sifted sugar and trying who can first succeed in licking it off. The desirable suitor, Count Bronberg, eldest son of a wealthy Swabian magnate, is somewhat astonished at all these goings-on, but he and Muschi are staunch friends, and she admires him greatly, notwithstanding her horror at his square-toed boots, stiff bows, and appallingly solid views of life. And great is the consternation when he falls in love with the "white raven" of this smart set, with a girl who is given up in despair even by her own mother, with a girl who is avowedly unelegant and devoted to knitting classes and the good of mankind. Poor Muschi herself has to bring these two together, and she ends her last letter by dolefully assuring her friend of the serious disadvantages of being considered to be a "Sportcomtesse."

Space prevents dwelling upon Krambambuli, that most lovable of dogs; upon his mental struggle between conflicting duties; and upon his tragical end. And space prevents more than a glance at those powerful scenes from the time of the last Polish seditions in Galicia, which doubtless have to a great extent originated in personal recollections and

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oral traditions. In conclusion a few chance samples from her small collection of delicately pointed aphorisms—"the last rings of lengthy chains of thought," may be added. "No children are so unhappy as the spoilt ones: in early youth they have to taste the misery of being tyrants." "Try to be useful, but do not selfishly try to be unreplaceable." "It all depends whether you seek entertainment or love in life. In the first case you have to allow for moral, and in the other case for intellectual, deficiencies." "Nothing is more desirable for an artist than friends who are bluff, and enemies who are polite."

Berlin.

MARIE VON BUNSEN.

A CHRISTIAN VOLTAIRE.

THE name of M. Teodor de Wyzewa should not be unfamiliar to the readers of this journal, wherein his studies of European socialism and of the pessimism of the unfortunate Nietzsche have already received some attention. He is, one is given to understand, a Slav and a very young man. Also, he is a young man who, to use the idiom of his adopted country, will go far. It is a question whether in his last book he has not already gone too far. A quite remarkable little book is this "Baptême de Jésus" (Paris: Perrin et Cie.), whether it be regarded merely as a literary exercise or as a fragment of religious polemic. Its delicacy and distinction of style will recommend it to all readers of taste, but its subject matter, a novel kind of Christian apologetic, is likely, we suspect, to be viewed with some suspicion by the orthodox. For it preaches in effect, as the true inwardness of Christianity in general and of the Gospel of St. Matthew in particular, nothing less than intellectual nihilism. "Heureux les pauvres d'esprit," said the Evangelist in question, by which the English revisers would have us understand that a blessing was invoked on the "poor in spirit." But, in French, "esprit" is a word of fascinating ambiguity, and "les pauvres d'esprit" may (with a little goodwill) be made to mean those whose intellectual development is in a rudimentary stage—in short, the unintelligent. It suits M. de Wyzewa's purpose to adopt that interpretation. He addresses his booklet to all such as are tired of knowing and thinking. If we ought, he says, as Christ bids us, to pluck out our right eye, and cut off our right hand when they offend us, so ought we to sacrifice the intelligence, the so-called faculty of knowledge and thought: for all knowledge is vain, all thought is vain, and it is from them that proceeds all the suffering there is in the world.

"Knowledge begets desire, which begets struggle, which begets suffering. Thought begets the notion of personality, which begets egoism, which, likewise, begets suffering."

This seems, at first sight, a shallow paradox; but M. de Wyzewa assures us that it is the real purport of the First Gospel, whose story, accordingly, he proceeds to retell with the succinct simplicity of a Christian Voltaire.

He tells how, to the great satisfaction of its innkeepers, the village of Bethabara had become a fashionable resort. All society was flocking to the baptismal exercises of John the Precursor. People ate and drank, and were blithe in enjoyment of the spring weather. In the evening the baptised exchanged their impressions under the palm-trees by the wayside. When Jesus came to Bethabara, one Tuesday, his reputation as an eloquent prophet had preceded him, and the enthusiasm of the crowd bordered on frenzy. They greeted the Nazarene during the baptismal ceremony with acclamation, and not only the Nazarene, but the Dove and the Heavenly Voice. Some were even baptised a second time, hoping to have their share in the miracle; but no dove descended upon them, and the Heavenly Voice had nothing to say. When Jesus subsequently preached, there was a great crush, and some of the metaphors of the young

orator were unanimously voted charming. Never had a prophet been so well received.

This ironic treatment of a sacred theme must not be dismissed as a wanton irreverence. Though M. de Wyzewa borrows Voltaire's weapons, the sequel shows that he only borrows them to defend what Voltaire attacked. Jesus was on his way to the wilderness when suddenly a nasal voice called him by name. Turning, he saw upon the threshold of an elegant villa, a portly man, elegantly clad, who signed to him to approach. This was one of the most considerable personages of Jerusalem, the Prince of Professors, a rich Jew who had studied at Rome and who had since prefixed to his original name of Ruben the Latin *prænomén* of Pompilius. He was a short man, with a long fleshy nose and slightly squinting eyes; but his get-up was irreproachable and his whole manner revealed an eminently distinguished mind. Pompilius began by courteous expressions of sympathy, and then:—

"Do you know that many of your theories are quite curious? Some of them, properly rounded off, would have wider scope than you fancy. Pardon for sins, for instance, indifference towards civil law, the renunciation of egoistic pleasures, the moral superiority of the poor over the rich—all these are paradoxes which I should not have expected to find on the lips of a young publican from Galilee! None of them, truth to tell, is entirely new to me. Have you ever heard speak of the old religions of India? They are full of very hardy views, several of which greatly resemble your own. And then, though without going quite so far, the Stoic philosophers said nearly everything you are saying. If you will do me the favour of calling when you pass through Jerusalem, I will show you the works of Chrysippus, who was, like you, a publican; I'm sure he will please you. But it is easy to see that your ideas, though not absolutely new, are of your own thinking out; one would guess that from the somewhat rugged simplicity with which you express them. And, I repeat, they are ideas of great scope: with them I would undertake to transform the world. . . . But will the world be any better than it is now when you have transformed it? I am not so sure about that. Whatever the result, however, the great thing is to act. . . . I am too infirm to act myself," continued the portly gentleman, "but none is more zealous than myself in recommending action."

So spoke Pompilius Ruben, Prince of Professors. But Jesus answered not a word. Maybe he found nothing to reply to the Professor's arguments, maybe the man's patronising tone vexed him. He simply looked the Professor up and down, then shook the dust off his sandals, and went on his way. "The pity," remarked the sage, "with these revolutionaries is that they are really too ill-bred!" It needed not the references to the fleshy nose and the portly form to enable us to identify this sage. He is, of course, Ernest Renan.

This curious version of the First Gospel now and then abandons the ironic method of Voltaire for the pre-Raphaelite naïveté of the earlier *conteurs*, as in the following description. "But if Jesus was sad within, all things without were joyous, upon his passing by. The fish leapt from the water to see him; the birds flew round him, singing his praises; the foliage of the olive trees was gently rustled by his breath. His very step brought peace and happiness. For the little girls who saw him, his smile was as a doll clothed in silk; the dogs and cats licked the hem of his garment. As he passed a toll-gate, the keeper's wife came out and offered him a drachma; Jesus took the drachma, for he accepted all that was offered him; and at that moment he perceived a thief who was lurking by the wayside. He gave the thief the drachma and

went on his way. And the ploughmen in the fields wondered how it was that their hearts had suddenly seemed so light, as though all their sins had been purged from them." It was not long after this that Jesus encountered another philosopher, one Valerius Slavus, who addressed him at great length and mellifluously. This Valerius appears to be a type of mystic dreamer, or, if you like, a subjective idealist. A Neo-Buddhist, he knew that the universe was only vain appearance, and that the only course left for the wise man was the ecstasy of self-contemplation. He was a Roman knight, but, like Count Tolstoi, had given up his wealth and taken to manual labour, only, however, to find poverty and labour hateful things. All knowledge was equally detestable. "They talked to me of a certain need of knowing things which was innate in man: but it was the need which prompted old women to go eavesdropping at their neighbours' doors, and I saw no motive for sacrificing to it." Then chance put into his hands the "Republic" of Plato, and he at last understood that what we take for real objects are only reflections, shadows on a prison wall: that the true realities are within us, and that the sole measure of things is the intensity with which we feel them. Valerius besought Jesus not to go forth among *les barbares*. "Shut your ears to the plaint of creatures who have no real existence." But Jesus replied, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" So that Satan, M. de Wyzewa would have us guess, is not unlike M. Maurice Barrès. All things considered, it is no wonder that this strange book has caused some little commotion in literary Paris. It is obviously written in good faith. But one doubts whether any of the Christian Churches will be disposed to welcome its author, with all his excellent intentions, among the *Fidei Defensores*.

A POPULAR ERROR.

THE popular belief is that the artist who can paint the human figure can paint anything. We have heard it argued—and even by people who are not altogether ignorant of the art of painting—that a figure painter can always paint a landscape, if not quite so well as a landscape painter, at least a great deal better than a landscape painter can paint figures. And now, as I think that this doctrine springs from a root of fundamental errors, it will be interesting to see how far it coincides with the actual facts.

Salvator Rosa was the first landscape painter. His great picture in the Louvre—a battle in a rocky landscape—is a complex and fantastic imagining, abounding in difficult drawing, and yet nowhere do we find trace of effort, hesitation, or weakness. Is not the placing of the line of battle quite admirable? And the rhythm of the line, is it not quite perfect? How it fills the picture from end to end! Or, if your mood is more concerned with expression of particular form, study the rearing of those horses, or those uplifted arms, or the prostrate form of that dead warrior. From whatever point of view your criticism may be directed you will turn away impressed by the extraordinary resources of drawing which the painter held in command. If the Louvre is too far away, come with me to the Dulwich Gallery, and I will show you there a group of figures—three or four men playing cards or dice, figures of considerable size too, and painted upon a plain background without accessories—and I will ask if you can say that it is not an admirable picture, well drawn and well painted. Except Titian, I do not know of any other painter of the Italian Renaissance who practised landscape to such extent as would affect our present inquiry. Nor am I able at the moment of writing to speak with any certainty regarding the exact value of Titian's landscapes. I remember vaguely that he introduced some fine landscapes into his figure pictures—the large pastoral in the Louvre, for instance, and the landscape background

in the picture of St. Paul's conversion on the road to Damascus. My knowledge on this point is imperfect, but I can recall nothing in Titian's landscape backgrounds that would justify the opinion that he could paint landscapes better than Rosa could paint figures.

If Veronese or Tintoretto had painted remarkable landscapes I think I should have heard of them. I have not been to Venice, but their work must be singularly void of landscape, for, indeed, I cannot remember any fragment, or even indication, of landscape. When I think of them my mind fills up with kings, queens, purple robes, staircases, and columns, with beautiful white clouds hanging between. I ought to be able to remember if Canaletto introduces figures into his waterways; I think there are some figures on the quay in his great picture in the Louvre, but if so they are of infinitesimal importance, and Canaletto with Ruysdael and Hobbema must be included among the landscape painters who could not paint figures. But though Ruysdael and Hobbema were obliged to go to the figure painters for the figures which their patrons deem indispensable to the charm and completion of their landscapes, we must not forget that Vandervelde, Berghem, and Dujardin often seriously compromised and never added to the beauty of the pictures on which they had collaborated. As a set-off for Ruysdael's failure to include the slightest figure in his pictures, we have the great Cuyp, who painted figures quite as well as he did landscapes, whose white horse in the "Riding School" in the Dulwich Gallery is one of the most beautiful painted horses in the world, and whose two equestrian figures in the Louvre are full of accomplishment and admirable in every way. Ruysdael and Hobbema excepted, we should look in vain among the landscape painters of Holland and Flanders for one who was not equally expert in figures as in landscapes. But among the figure painters we should find not one who could paint landscapes. If the two great landscape painters of Holland could not paint figures the two great figure painters were equally deficient in landscape. Do you remember anything of Rembrandt's landscapes, or of Hals'? Do you remember landscapes of Terburg, Metsu, Peter de Hoogh, Gerard Dou, A. Ostade, Van der Meer of Delft? In Holland the landscape painters have clearly done better in figures than the figure painters have done in landscape. Shall I name a few? Potter, Dujardin, Berghem, the two Boths, Vandervelde.

Passing from Holland to France, we meet at once one great seventeenth century landscape painter, Claude Lorrain, somewhat solemn and sensible, but withal a poet, dreaming at times beautiful blue and classical dreams, columns, and exquisite shipping alongside of marble quays, and introducing into these dreams somewhat rigidly drawn figures, about which it would be impossible to say anything in particular. Spain seems to have entirely neglected landscape. The works of Velasquez and Murillo are almost bereft of allusion to trees, to say nothing of lakes and streams. Nor do we find the real country in France during the eighteenth century, only a sort of fictitious ephemeral country,—terraces and gardens, pleasant retreats for all kinds of gallantries. But with the introduction of art into England landscape became part of the practice of almost every painter; and we find in England what we find nowhere else—a great portrait painter who is at the same time a landscape painter. The rule is that the portrait painter is never a landscape painter, and the only exception I can think of is Gainsborough. And Gainsborough's landscapes, though extremely beautiful, are rather conventional decorations than the romance of light in the forest glades, upon hills, and along the banks of streams. So in the sense that Crome, Constable, and Turner were landscape painters, Gainsborough was hardly a landscape painter at all; he only just infringes, without positively breaking, the rule I have mentioned.

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of movement, lightness, and grace; and it is clear to everyone that it would be impossible to imagine any improvement in those groups of nymphs who dance in such exquisite circles in his Italian landscapes. But everyone does not know that Turner was a quite admirable portrait painter. I did not know he was until two or three years ago, when, in an exhibition of old masters at the Academy, there was exhibited a portrait of a sailor—I think an admiral; at all events, a man in white ducks, a blue coat, with a telescope in his hand. I have forgotten, but the patch of sea-painting in the left-hand corner is no doubt detestable, for when trespassing on the portrait painter's ground, it was only reasonable that Turner should adopt the portrait painter's sea. The picture is three-quarter length, life-size, and, I suppose, the only such picture that Turner ever painted; so it would surely seem that Turner, if he had continued to practice portrait painting, would have attained a very high place among the world's portrait painters. The unique position he now occupies in the world of art, it goes without saying, could have only been attained by him in landscape. Velasquez, Rembrandt, and Hals are heights above which none shall ever pass; nor was it probable that he could have gone one better than Gainsborough or Reynolds, so his genius compelled him to abandon portrait painting. Still when we think that this portrait was an unique effort in the most difficult province of art—the life-size portrait—we must admit that it is full of extraordinary promise. Judged by any standard, it is a fine work, and I remember how well and easily it held its own in most distinguished company. And coming down to our own time, I must mention a picture I saw this week at Goupil's, a small genre picture by Corot, Turner's illustrious rival. In this picture we find the landscape painter whose best work is free from effort, in other words, free from that laborious mechanical drawing which Mr. Ruskin used to consider so meritorious, acquitting himself right well in a genre painting conceived in the style of the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century. A lady in a low dress sits in an arm-chair; the right elbow is rested on the arm of the chair; the arm and hand lie along it. The left arm has fallen across the knees, and the letter is held loosely between the fingers. The news is sad news, for the expression on her face is one of grief. The skirt of her dress is pale brown. The bodice is dark green, the same colour as the background, which is enlivened in one place by a picture faintly indicated. All the light is concentrated on the neck and shoulders, the painting of the flesh is rich and solid. But what I want to draw special attention to is the movement of the figure, which is perfectly rendered; the lax abandonment of the attitude and the expression of the face are in admirable harmony and combine to enforce the pictorial intention.

The greatest draughtsman of this century, perhaps of all time, had reached the zenith of his fame when Corot determined to sell no more ribbons, and to paint pictures instead. (There is an analogy between the exquisitely pure grace of "La Source" and Corot's fairy-like landscapes.) Degas, the next greatest nineteenth-century draughtsman, now holds the position held by Ingres in the beginning, and by Corot in the middle of the century. But who will entertain the thought of a landscape by Ingres longer than he can help? and I do not think that anyone will suggest that such fragments of landscape as appear in Degas' pictures are equal to Corot's figures. So from a strict inquiry into the history of art we learn that figure painters are hardly ever able to attempt landscape painting, and that, with one or two exceptions, the great landscape painters have always been able to paint figures extremely well.

Regarding the origin of the fallacy there can be no doubt. All idea of self-education is repugnant to the nineteenth century. It is clear that perforce

the landscape painter must educate himself in the woods and fields. Figure painters receive instruction in academies—shall I say institutions?—where perspective and anatomy are learnt by rote, where there are examinations and medals, models and professors, and such vain show always has imposed and always will impose upon the vulgar mind.

G. M.

THE WEEK.

MANIFOLD are the advantages of the "silly season"; not the least of these is the lull in the publication of new books. This week we have one or two books which we must read, notably MR. STEVENSON's two volumes, but for a month or six weeks to come we may read what we choose, none daring to make us afraid. Now is the time, if we like, to take leisurely the more important works of the past half-year which we skimmed through in a hurry that we might be able to talk about them. If we are on a holiday—a stationary holiday, not a travelling one—we naturally want to read of the journeys of others, and can take with us the second edition of LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's "Travels in South Africa" (SAMPSON LOW), and see if from it we can pluck out the heart of that errant politician's mystery. Probably it is to be found there; a man who is careful never to hang his heart on the sleeve of his frock-coat or swallow-tail often wears it on his shooting-jacket or dressing-gown. Then we can follow the "Anglo-Indian Globe-trotter" into the "Farthest East and South and West" (ALLEN), or we can get "Adrift in America," or go on "Land-Travel and Seafaring" (LAWRENCE AND BULLEN) with MR. CECIL and MR. MORLEY ROBERTS. Now is the novel-reader's opportunity to become really intimate with "The Little Minister" (CASSELL) and "Tess of the Durbervilles" (CHAPMAN), for the lover of romance to dream away the hours with R. L. STEVENSON and "Q," for the devotee of sensation to increase the sale of MRS. HENRY WOOD's novels, which MESSRS. BENTLEY AND SON announce as being over one million and a quarter copies. And there is the new edition of MR. BLACK'S (SAMPSON LOW) delightful books; and—but is it the novel-reader proper who reads DICKENS? If not, he ought to, and doubtless will, in the admirable new edition published by MESSRS. MACMILLAN. We could extend the list indefinitely into biography, history, and criticism, but it would become a mere catalogue; our point is gained if the reader is directed or confirmed in his choice of older books with which to be happy and wise in the "silly season."

M. JULES CLARETIE contributes an article to the August *North American Review* with the catch-penny title of "The Shudder in Literature," and with GUY DE MAUPASSANT's "Le Horla," for catch-word—"Le Horla," that morbid analysis of a psychological state, that journey after the discovery of an invisible force, of a new and redoubtable being, the Horla; the Horla, who is to succeed man in the world, an immortal creature coming into the heritage 'of him who dies daily.' M. CLARETIE's article is very new, very high-strung, with a glance into SHAKESPEARE, into VERLAINE, and BAUDELAIRE, and HUYSMANS, and talk of auto-suggestion, and of darkness, half-light, mystery, anguish, and above all of the Horla, the intangible, the invisible, the horrible, and eternal Horla. But M. CLARETIE would not be himself if he did not see daylight through it all: it is a bad dream, as it were, opposed to the taste, the temper of the French mind; he prefers to it the poetry of the broad day and the open air.

AMERICA's periodical literature seems to be getting more and more into the hands of women. In the current *Arena* exactly half the articles are by

women, and in one of these articles, a symposium of "Women's Clubs," eleven women write; the illustrations are portraits of women; one woman, MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, contributes twice, and she is the subject of an article by the editor. Not so *The Forum*; no women contribute to it this month, nor is there any feminine subject. The difference between the sexes—if we may use the expression—of the two magazines is noticeable even in the titles of the papers. In the *Arena* the titles seem all to "shake upon E in alt;" for example, "The Chain of the Last Slave," "An Idealistic Dreamer," "In the Tribunal of Literary Criticism," are more or less suggestive of hysteria. In *The Forum* the most excited title is, "Shall the Southern Question be Revived?" It would seem, indeed, to be the case that men are able to keep their heads better than women.

MR. WALTER BESANT has an article in *The Forum* on "Literature as a Career." It is written in his usual tone of amiable optimism; but should rather have been called "Literature as a Trade."

A NEW volume of Indian Folk-tales with the title of "Indian Nights' Entertainments," is announced by MR. ELLIOT STOCK. The collection has been made by MR. CHARLES SWYNNERTON, and will be copiously illustrated with drawings by native artists.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. have in preparation for the autumn a new and enlarged edition of SIR GEORGE CHESNEY'S "Indian Polity: A View of the System of Administration in India"; a work on "Buddhism, Primitive and Present, in Magadha and Ceylon," by DR. COPLESTON, Bishop of Colombo; "The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland: A Record of Excavations and Explorations," by MR. J. THEODORE BENT; and MRS. ALEXANDER IRELAND'S "Letters of Geraldine Jewsbury to Jane Welsh Carlyle."

THE library of local history is to be increased by an exhaustive work on "The Martial Annals of the City of York" (CLARK), by the REV. CÆSAR CAINE, and a book on "Bygone Derbyshire," edited by MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, of Hull. To the latter work many recognised authorities on the history of the county will contribute.

MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. announce as the next volume of their "Social Questions of To-day" MR. HAROLD COX'S "Land Nationalisation."

SEBASTIAN CASTELLION has been made the subject of a remarkable book by M. FERDINAND BUISSON, of which the full title is "Sébastien Castellion, sa vie et son œuvre (1515-1563), étude sur les origines du protestantisme libéral français." Although the biography of CASTELLION is more than the mere peg on which the matter is hung, the work is, in a measure, an encyclopædia of the Renaissance and the Reformation. CASTELLION, whose name is little known here, was one of the most learned humanists and ablest professors of the sixteenth century. He began as a disciple of CALVIN, who had him appointed principal of a college in Geneva; but a quarrel ensued, and CASTELLION fled to Basel from CALVIN'S persecution. His hardships in Basel for seven years, and the sturdy way he made against them, constitute an inspiring chapter in biography. As a precursor of religious tolerance CASTELLION'S name must take high rank as it becomes better known. M. BUISSON'S brilliant book, published by MM. HACHETTE ET CIE., is in two volumes.

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

A NEW edition, being the sixth thousand, of MR. WALTER PATER'S masterpiece, "Marius the Epicurean," is published by MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. The work has been completely revised; some of MR. PATER'S unreserved admirers will be inclined to ask: "What was there to change?" Fine tissues and fine fruit are easily spoiled, but if any touch is delicate enough to recast a web of gossamer without breaking it, or turn a peach on the wall without removing its bloom, it is MR. PATER'S.

UNIFORM with the cheap edition of MR. LECKY'S "History of England," MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. are now publishing the same writer's "History of Ireland." This work comes very opportunely just now. It is the best argument for Home Rule ever written.

HENRIK IBSEN is hard at work with his new play, and is understood to have already forwarded the first act to his publisher. Although IBSEN is generally absolutely silent as to the contents of plays before their publication, he seems to have been a little less so in this instance, and has, it is asserted, chaffed several of his Christiania friends as to his "having put them in the play." The scene is laid in Christiania, and the drama should be much lighter than his latest works.

OF the many ways by which respect and esteem can be conveyed to any great man, that adopted by the German students, although most impressive and genuine, is anything but comfortable to those participating in the ceremony. Of course these discomforts must be accepted as part of the performance, but it is disagreeable, to say the least of it, to walk through the streets on a warm summer evening enveloped in a dense atmosphere of blacks, and gradually to assume the appearance of a sweep. One of these *Fackelzüge*, or torchlight processions, took place at Göttingen last week, in honour of PROFESSOR KLEIN, and the whole university turned out to do honour to this occasion. The procession was composed entirely of students, and as soon as the shades of night were sufficiently developed, it made its way to the Professor's house, where it halted for about three-quarters of an hour, while a select committee tendered to PROFESSOR KLEIN, in the name of all the students, their hearty congratulations. At the subsequent *Commerz* there were some excellent speeches, and an extraordinary thirst seemed to prevail.

AMONG the deaths announced this week are those of MGR. FEDERICI, Archbishop of Foligno, Italy, who was robbed and murdered in the train on Friday evening of last week, when returning home from Florence; GENERAL SIR CHARLES VAN STRAUBENZEE, K.C.B., who had served in India, in the Crimea, and in the Chinese War of 1857, and was Governor of Malta from 1872 to 1878; SIR JOHN GORRIE, once Chief Justice of Fiji and latterly of Trinidad, whose distinguished career as a Colonial judge has been marred by its close (before the hearing, however, of his appeal against the decision of a Commission of Inquiry); and SIR DANIEL WILSON, nephew of "Christopher North," Principal of the McGill University, Montreal, an eminent anthropologist, and one of the chief promoters of University education in Canada.

MOORISH DIPLOMACY.

TANGIER, August 2nd, 1892.

IT was with complete astonishment that the Moors learned that the British Minister had actually refused so sweet a plum as £20,000, offered to induce him to abandon the demands he had made on the behalf of his Government. English people, on the

other hand, unacquainted with Moorish—which after all is only typical Eastern—diplomacy, learned with as complete astonishment that such a bribe should even have been suggested. That is just where the difference lies.

The readers of the morning papers, which a week or two ago contained sensational accounts of the rupture of negotiations at Fez, imagined that something unusual had happened, and many even doubted the facts. In Morocco people have hardly yet got over their surprise that a Minister should have been found to refuse such a tempting bait, entirely after the natural order of things. Among both Europeans and natives on the spot the sums received by this and by that foreign Minister to “shut his mouth” are matters of everyday gossip, and the practice has long become too common to excite remark.

That the Moors should make such offers is only to be expected of a people among whom bribery reigns supreme. The late Kaïd of Mogador well earned the sobriquet of “Boo Koowalib” (Father of Sugar-loaves), from his notoriously sweet tooth—history hath it not which one this was—which required that every litigant should appear before him with from one to a score of these cones in blue, according to the importance of his case. Hard by an employé disposed of all this sweetness in a retail store. Other authorities prefer green tea as an assistance to their judicial faculties, and many a chest thus finds its way a second time to the market. But after all, even including “presents” of horses and slaves, the Moorish functionary yearns for dollars. He has purchased his post at a good round sum, and heavily bribed three or four viziers to recommend and protect him, so that he considers he has a right to make what he can, how he can, by his office. All his employés do the same, and even the prisoner who has an order for his release must “tip” the gaoler and “square” the police before he can once more walk the streets. Men often linger months beyond their time on account of inability to meet the demands of these functionaries. In fact the viziers, the customs administrators, the governors, the judges, the police, and everybody connected with the Government, pick up a living between bribery and extortion. As a rule, all that is honestly acquired has to be passed on higher. As no accounts worth speaking of are kept, it has well been said by a native, in characteristic language, “the revenue collectors eat the cream, the Ministers press out the cheese, and all that remains for the Treasury is the buttermilk.”

All this still gives but a very poor idea of the part played by palm-oil in the Moorish administration. A foreigner goes to a native official to obtain a favour, and he does not hesitate to pay for it. The native in his turn does no less. Hitherto the European Ambassadors have frequently experienced this system at the hands of the Government of Morocco, and have almost as often found it suit them best to accept the inevitable bribe—with all due resignation no doubt. Some, it is true, have disliked the thought of naked cash—dollars are so uncomfortable to carry—and have preferred specifying houses, gardens, etc., for which they had a fancy, or of recommending for a concession some nominee with whom it had been previously arranged that they should “go halves,” if cash had not been paid in advance. Numerous pleasant properties which have been granted in this way, in addition to the customary horses, swords and saddles, and which are the envy of those who cannot even obtain permission to purchase the like, can be pointed out by anybody in Morocco to-day.

It is an axiom of Moorish diplomacy that every man has his price: it cannot be conceived by the native mind that it should be otherwise, and there is little doubt that the Sultan is wrathful now that Sir Euan-Smith was not offered £50,000. Having flatly refused so large a sum, he has certainly risen as much in the estimation of the Government, whatever the personal feelings of its members may be towards him. On one

notorious occasion at least, a foreign representative who attempted to fix his own price with that same wily Vizier Sid Gharneet—well known to the writer personally, as also are all the other individuals in this little comedy, from the Sultan downwards—signally failed, and had to return to the coast and wait till he could threaten a bombardment of Tangier before he could obtain what he demanded.

Had this been the course adopted by Sir Euan, we might indeed have covered our faces, but his unexpected refusal has inaugurated a new era in Morocco politics. That this time a false step had been taken was immediately apparent to the Moorish Government, who, never lacking in subterfuge, at once declared that it had only offered to pay down in a lump sum the balance of £30,000 due to England in six yearly instalments on the claim put forward by the North-West African Company for damage to life and property on their Cape Juby property some years ago. Be this as it may—and it sounds very pretty, certainly—there is a proverb, which well applies, about giving a dog a bad name.

This is what people have done in the case of Morocco, which, having none to defend it, has suffered calumny for ages. Much it has most undoubtedly richly deserved, but as much has been gratuitously inflicted upon it. The mistake too often made is to judge the Moor who lives under a system a thousand years behind time by the standards of the nineteenth century. Let us judge him by the standards of the Saxon Heptarchy, or even perhaps of later times, say those of good King John and his semi-independent barons, and we shall have some chance of arriving at the measure of the man—not otherwise.

We are told of the alterations which had been made in the treaty already agreed upon with our Ambassador. This was entirely *en règle*, as the records of previous Embassies show. It is only necessary to turn to the pages of Windus and Braithwaite, who recorded British Missions to the Moorish Court a century and a half ago, to realise how little the Moors have advanced in some points, notwithstanding the great strides they have made in others. Piracy has disappeared, and with it Christian slavery, so much so that not one in a thousand in the country knows anything about them. The Moorish Sultans have no longer the whip-hand of Europe, and the tribute erstwhile paid to them had dwindled down to a limited supply of stuffs and mechanical toys, or perhaps a few cannon and an elephant, when Sir Euan-Smith created a never-to-be-forgotten precedent in refusing to offer anything, reserving such presents as he had brought with him for the time when he should be ready to take leave. The sudden termination of negotiations prevented this act of courtesy, and for the same reason the presents of the Sultan and his farewell entertainment had to be refused.

The shuffling which led up to this has its counterpart, too, in the history of our diplomatic relations with Persia, when Sir Harford Jones kicked over the candlesticks and left the Vizier in darkness on discovering the alterations in the treaty he had concluded. When Sir Euan-Smith tore up the incorrect document, the alarm of Sid Gharneet knew no bounds, and he promised to sign anything, though he assured the Englishman that to do so would be as much as his life was worth, under which circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at that this was refused. Hitherto, in Morocco, dollars had usually been successful in securing the insertion of nullifying clauses such as disgrace the existing treaties, as in the case of the much-abused Convention of Madrid. It is only a few Ambassadors who have got so far as to have a treaty agreed to at all; most have had to be content with specious promises never intended to be fulfilled, which, reported and believed at home, have sufficed to raise them in the estimation of their Governments at the time, but which have soon been forgotten till the next mission went.

But the true art of Moorish diplomacy is shown

by the way in which one Power is played off against another, as there are shrewd suspicions has been the case in this instance. Till this is put an end to, and some sort of an accord is arrived at among the Powers for a united policy in Morocco, there is no hope for the country. J. E. BUDGETT MEAKIN.

"THE ROIGHT MAN."

THERE is at Ash Soham a lonely cottage standing upon a high ridge. From the door you look away over a sweep of undulating country—over three church towers and four windmills; and at harvest time there seems to be a great sea of corn around you and beneath you, rustling and surging. In the hottest days of summer there is always a breeze here; through the winter and spring the bitter north and east winds stab and search every corner of the dilapidated place. There used to be a block of houses here, but a fire destroyed the other cottages, leaving this solitary one, and a heap of charred and blackened ruins to the left of it. The garden is a poor, wind-swept, deserted place, with a few straggling currant bushes, a crop of groundsel and couch grass, and a couple of gaunt bullace trees in the hedgerow. It was to this forlorn abode that a man and his wife came one Michaelmas. They brought very little furniture with them—a table, two chairs, a clock, an old-fashioned corner-cupboard, and a few odd plates and cups were all their goods. The man, James Foulger, was a tall, strongly-built fellow. He had been handsome once, but he had now the swollen features and heavy eyes of a drunkard. His wife, Sarah, was small, dark, and sallow, with a face like that of the Queen of Spades; but the whole was redeemed by a pair of black eyes that were full of expression and intelligence. Never were there eyes through which the spirit looked more plainly. They were sad eyes often enough; but at the least sign of sympathy they would kindle with pride and resentment. The Foulgers belonged to the tradesman class, which is divided from the labourers' by a great gulf in feelings and interests. Village life is as full of these distinctions and differences as what is known as Society can be; and by ignoring these delicate shades you can give unpardonable offence. Foulger was a bricklayer by trade, and had been a good workman by fits and starts, but he had always been given to drinking bouts, and in these he would behave like a madman. There were many stories in the village of his drunken rages, but no one ever dared to question Mrs. Foulger. She held herself proudly aloof, poor soul. She was scrupulously clean and neat; her threadbare gowns were deftly mended and turned; her Sunday bonnet, old and faded as it was, was always worn with an air that made it pass muster; there was a defiant respectability in every line of her dress and carriage.

It was Michaelmas when the Foulgers moved from a neighbouring village to Ash Soham. October with its mellow days, its pomp of splendid colours, its dreamy calm, when the air is full of the last fragrance of the mignonette and the sweet sultans, gave place presently to the chill and the desolation of November. There are times, then, in South-East Suffolk when a white sea-fog creeps inland, and hangs over the country for four or five days at a while. The trees are either bare, or are hung with a scattering of drab and brown leaves; the frost has blackened the dahlias and touched the cabbages in the cottage gardens, and there is a heavy smell of decay and rank moisture. The thick mist condenses on the boughs or on the eaves of houses, and drips with a dull rhythmic sound; and from the East there blows a dank draught over the hills. It was on such a morning as this that the butcher-boy in his cart, from Ipswich, was going his weekly round through Ash Soham, and Bocking, and Shottisburgh. The cheerful sound of his horn broke the misty stillness of the lanes. The Foulgers' house stood some way

back from the road, and the lad got out of his cart and stood at the door knocking. But he obtained no answer, and after a while he pushed the door open. There, in a pool of blood, on the hearth lay Mrs. Foulger, with the heavy corner-cupboard upon her.

The lad brought help from the nearest house—a carpenter's wife, a good, kindly creature, who hastily made an improvised bed in the kitchen, and lifted the poor unconscious woman upon it. The doctor came. It was impossible, he said, to estimate all her injuries; but that there was more than enough to kill her was evident. She could not last more than twenty-four hours, if so long. Possibly she might regain consciousness. The carpenter's wife established herself at the bedside. Nothing was seen or heard of James Foulger. Sarah, a ghastly object, with all her features—save her eyes, which were closed—battered and wounded past recognition, lay there, breathing heavily, and groaning a little, from time to time. The upright clock ticked loudly; it seemed to the good woman who was watching that it ticked in an agonised, despairing way, as indeed they say in Suffolk clocks do when their master or mistress is dying. After a while Sarah opened her eyes; her shapeless lips moved. "It was an accident," she said, looking at her nurse, Mrs. Gathercole, and defying her with her eyes to dare to say it was not. But Mrs. Gathercole soothed her: "Of course it was, and a terrible accident too, pulling down the cupboard a-top of her, and striking her head agin' the fire-irons." Just then the curate came in—a good, well-meaning boy, who had—as far as men and women are concerned—everything to learn; but he had the love for them that gives a man the heart to learn, and then to bear his knowledge bravely. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner* is the reward of such learning; and the first step to it is this: *Tout aimer c'est tout comprendre*. He was a red-haired, freckled youth, who was most at his ease when he was playing cricket or football with his village lads, and the sight of the poor mutilated face, and the solemn living eyes set in it, gave the honest fellow a lump in his throat and a sound like a sob in his voice. He began humbly and awkwardly enough: "Would Mrs. Foulger like me to say some prayers, or—would it only bother her?" Mrs. Foulger signed for him to stay, and Mrs. Gathercole went out into the back-house to perform some household duties.

The curate said the Lord's prayer very slowly, trying to command his rough jerky voice. When he reached the clause, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," Sarah stopped him. "Hard," she murmured, "hard!" The curate thought she must be referring to her husband, but she went on, each word costing her pain, and a brave effort to overcome it. "It was my sister Martha. She did her best to take Jim from me, before I married him, and I said I'd never forgive her. But I'm dying now—and I'll do it."

"Where's Jim?" she asked after a little interval. Mrs. Gathercole, putting her head into the kitchen, answered that Mr. Foulger was out, that he must have gone out before the accident happened, and that he had not been found. "Tell him I've had an accident. Tell him to come—an accident," Sarah repeated.

It was not until late in the afternoon, when the growing darkness and the fog together seemed to press like a weight upon the dripping world, that James Foulger came home. There is a great wood on one of the clay ridges, and at the outskirts of this wood a dreary pond, overarched by elms. Round this pond he had wandered all day, wishing to drown himself and to end his misery, but at the plunge his courage always failed him. The water looked as cold as death, and as black as ink; here and there some rotting leaves floated upon it; and all the while the measured drip, drip, drip from the trees marked the slow moments like the ticking of a clock. A gamekeeper saw him, and gave him Sarah's message. The man laid a stress on the words "an accident," and looked searchingly at Jim,

but Foulger said nothing, turned round, and slouched off homeward.

Sarah recognised his step as he came down the lane. He sat down at the foot of her bed with his head averted. He could not face the sight of her. She was dying now; indeed, every part of her except her eyes seemed already dead, and the poor mutilated body already growing cold and stiff; only from the windows of her eyes there still looked a passion of love, of deathless love—love invincible. She was past speech, past seeing, or hearing, or feeling anything in the world but his presence, and her overwhelming love; and so it was that she died.

Four days later she was buried. The mist had gone, giving place to a mild, pale November day, with wet blue distances and a tender grey sky. The service was over, and the mourners had dispersed; the sexton was filling in the grave, and the clay and pebbles were rattling down on the coffin-lid. The curate had taken off his surplice and was leaning against the churchyard gate. "Pity," he said to Gathercole, the carpenter, "that that poor woman should have wasted her devotion on a drunken brute—pity she hadn't a good husband."

"Why, bless you, sir," said Gathercole, grimly, "so she had, at one time. I knew her years ago, when she lived at Bocking. She wer' married to as respectable a young feller as ever I see. But she thought nothing on him. He wer' that taken up with her he couldn't refuse her anything, he couldn't; but she never wer' contented. He caught a chill, kind o' sudden, and died; and then this feller come along, and she married him before the year was out. He (Foulger) were kind o' promised to her sister Martha; but this one, Sarah, made him break with her; she *would* have him. She knew roight enough about his drinking. That made no difference. Why, sir, I tell you, they (women, that is) don't think nothing of being beaten, and starved, and killed, so long as it's the roight man that does it." C. F.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

LITERARY HISTORIANS.

SIR,—All readers of THE SPEAKER will be glad to see the familiar signature of A. T. Q. C. again. But some, I hope, will dissent most emphatically from his implied reassertion of that detestable view of the duty of the historian which, in spite of protests since the time of Thucydides, is apparently not yet extinct.

The question suggested to my mind by A. T. Q. C.'s last *Causerie* is: Do you prefer your history true, or pretty? To paraphrase Thucydides: Is it to be a basis for scientific prediction, or a glorified prize essay in which manipulation counts for much more than truth of fact? At Oxford, their honoured Lord and Chancellor takes the latter view, the history lecturers take the former: and hitherto THE SPEAKER has agreed with the history lecturers.

Of course there is a distinction. There are histories intended for the average man of education with no time for specialised study, and there are books intended only for specialists, and containing the materials for the works of the former class. If these are dull to the average reader, the reason (as often as not) is in himself—I do not mean in his character, but in his want of preparation. Speaking as a student, I do not care to have my material manipulated in the way A. T. Q. C. suggests. I want to do that myself. I want the matter put clearly, and without that diffuseness which comes of haste or (as often as not) of self-advertisement. The eloquence of a belletristic historian (belletristic is a good word, invented by Mark Pattison) might be of value to me if I were not interested in the subject; but as it is, I do not desire to glow with enthusiasm: I prefer to maintain an attitude of scientific calm. Just as I take my opinions in politics from the news columns of the papers rather than their leaders, so I take my opinions in history from the materials themselves as far as I can get them. A skilful selection and an eloquent presentation may be of immense service to me, no doubt, in making my own humble attempts; but in science—where books are not works of fine art but tools—the decoration of a tool is a minor matter. Twenty minutes' work with a lead pencil would enable A. T. Q. C., or any reader with knowledge of his subject, to make a more helpful digest of the borough accounts of St. Ives as presented by Mr. Hobson Matthews than any ready-made one furnished by a belletristic historian. And every University Extension student of history (at least, if he attends the

Summer Meeting) is put in the way of doing the same thing for himself.

The antithesis of Gibbon and Mommsen, by the way, is not a happy one. Gibbon, besides his "literary" gifts, was a "researcher" and a philosophic historian; Mommsen, besides being the hardest worker among specialists, has considerable literary gifts. His vocabulary certainly is peculiar, but he cannot be said to be without vigour and picturesqueness of style, though his style is obscured in a translation. Moreover, Mommsen is of all German historians the most detested by his fellows. "He writes like a journalist," I have heard one of them say. He is too popular for them.

Frankly, history is a science, and a good deal of science involves drudgery and is dull—until its matter is brought into its due relation with other knowledge. Call your science sociology, if you like, and your popular treatment of it history; but do not let the student of the past weaken himself with fears that he may not be sufficiently artistic.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
SOCIOLOGIST.

A PARTING.

AS still as if magic of will had reft her,
In falling dew from the darkening skies
She lingered and stayed where at last he left her,
And stared at the darkness with shining eyes;
A smile on the lips that his own had pressed,
A shiver of joy on the hair caressed,
The world ecstatic around, above her
With touch and tone of the vanished lover.

And when she arose with the spell about her,
The night was music and day was far,
And death was the dream of a loveless doubter,
And life was the sky for one burning star;
And divine was the right of the power that claimed
The heart that trembled and leaped and flamed
As blessed thrall of a pitiless passion,—
A thing to break, or a soul to fashion!

And he? He left in a glad commotion,
And bought a paper and caught the train,
And roused from the Budget of Mr. Goschen
To casually meditate now and again
Should he dine at the Club or some otherwhere?
If she thought of him when he wasn't there,
And the nice little ways she had—God bless her!—
And whether it cost a lot to dress her?

MAUDE EGERTON KING.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,

Friday, August 12th, 1892.

SO Mr. Lang has joined the Impressionists. Or is it the Nihilists? Here is his declaration of faith, the conclusion of a most entertaining article on Critical Taboos:—"Let us try to be more honourable and sportsmanlike in criticism. Let us record our *impressions*. 'This book bores me.' 'This book amuses me.' Nothing else is genuine."

Now, my impression of Mr. Lang's article is, as I have said, that it is a most entertaining one, inspired by good sense as well as wit; but I have a further impression that the zeal of the convert to Impressionism has carried him too far. It is a conversion at the eleventh hour in this case, for the article with which it concludes is a closely reasoned theorem of the old-fashioned critical sort, discussing the perfectly definite abstract question whether novels with a purpose ought to be "taboo." Mr. Lang adduces Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and a host of other novelists, proves incontestably that a novel may have a purpose and yet be very good art, and even at one point leans to the theory that a novelist cannot help having a purpose. But nowhere throughout the discussion does he say whether the book from which he starts—Mrs. Ward's "David Grieve"—bore or amuses *him*; so that if he is right in his Ultra-Impressionist theory, and nothing else is

genuine, we should be compelled to believe that this most pleasant article of Mr. Lang's is not genuine, which is, indeed, a *reductio ad absurdum*.

"This book bores *me*." "This book amuses *me*." Can criticism really not get beyond this? Mr. Lang does himself injustice in saying so. But he does greater injustice still by this extreme declaration to other critics whom we have got to know as Impressionists. The most brilliant of recent exemplars of the method, M. Anatole France and Mr. A. B. Walkley, are not such Nihilists in criticism as Mr. Lang proclaims himself in his momentary impatience of untenable Taboos.

"This book bores or amuses *me*." But who are you that are thus bored or amused? Unless we know this, we know nothing about your impression that is worth knowing. Your impression is as empty of content for us as the most impersonal of Taboos. If Mr. Lang says that a book amuses him, that means something for us, because we know what manner of critic Mr. Lang is. We have some means of judging what his impressions are worth. The value of the impression depends upon the person impressed.

Now the new school of Impressionists are far from ignoring this. On the contrary, it is the very foundation of their method. That is the reason why M. France and Mr. Walkley talk so much about themselves in their criticisms. That is the reason why their talk about themselves in relation to the works criticised is not an impertinence. It is that we may know the "*me*" whom the book or play amuses or bores or otherwise impresses. In so far as the critic's talk does not contribute to this end, it is twaddle; in so far as it does, it is most relevant and instructive. It is not himself that he talks about—it is the *impressee*.

There is thus a method in their "egotism," and a very excellent method too, not by any means to be confused with a mere abstract or unreasoned record of boredom or amusement. Our best Impressionists know what they are about, and are really critics on reasoned principles quite as much as the most arrant Dogmatist or Deductive Critic, the difference probably being only that their principle goes deeper. Their fundamental principle is very well stated by Mr. Lang in the following sentence:—"A critic dispraises a book as a rule because he dislikes it; because there is a pre-established want of harmony and correspondence between his mind and the author's; because the contact of their intelligences is not agreeable, but clashing and discordant." Mr. Lang goes on to say, "He [*i.e.*, the critic] then seeks for the reasons of this antipathy, and states them in the form of general laws or taboos." This, doubtless, is a very common practice, and we should all agree with Mr. Lang in thinking it reprehensible. Where he seems to me to go too far is in adding, "But at bottom he [the critic] is in the position of the poet who did not care for Dr. Fell." The critic may be, and often is, in this position, I admit; but he is not so necessarily. He may put us in the way of understanding why there is a pre-established want of harmony between his mind and the author's. And this is precisely what our best Impressionists do.

When, therefore, Mr. Lang protests against abstract critical Taboos, and cries for a mere record of impressions, as if this were the only alternative, it is right to distinguish and to point out that there is a *via media*, that some of our so-called Impressionists have found it, and that they are compromised by his apparent adherence to their formula. Like him they say, "Let us record our impressions," but they do not admit themselves to be critical Nihilists, unable, like the hater of Dr. Fell, to throw any light

upon the causes of their antipathy. Their minds are not *tabulae rasae*, sheets of white paper, when they receive the impressions of the moment; they have been impressed hundreds of times before by things more or less like; and the nature of the impressions that come is explained by the impressions that went before.

Take Mr. Walkley's "Impressions" of the play-house, for example: the impressions of a man familiar with the history of the Stage and everything belonging to it as few critics have ever been. He sits him down to record his impressions, say, of Mr. Robert Buchanan's *Lovellace*. He does not like the character. But why? He tells us that he has never read Richardson. It cannot, then, be that he objects to the dramatist's taking liberties with the novelist's tradition. Such liberties are not tabooed by him. But has he nothing further to say? It appears that, though he has not read Richardson, he knows the Don Juan of Molière, and his descendants the M. de Camors of Feuillet and the Duc de Mora of Daudet. He has received impressions from them, and the impressions clash with that of Mr. Buchanan's *Lovellace*. That is the secret of his antipathy—the law of it, as one might fairly say.

"One cannot," he says, "stand a character of this sort, a creature of unqualified moral turpitude, on the stage of to-day (outside sheer melodrama) unless one gets an intellectual impression." Here we have something perilously near the suggestion of a prohibitory law, such as might be laid down by an old-fashioned Dogmatist, Critical Professor, Judge, or Law-giver.

It prompts us to ask what, after all, is the difference between the new Impressionist and the old Magisterial Critic? It is certainly not to be found in this: that the Impressionist merely records his likes and dislikes without giving any reason for them, whereas the Dogmatist professed to be the interpreter of a Code, the impersonal and impartial administrator of an absolute Law. In so far as the Impressionist gives no reason for his impression of the case in hand, he is merely the old Dogmatist in disguise. The "impression" is worth neither more nor less than the "judgment."

The long and the short of it would seem to be something like this:—The quarrel of the Impressionists is not with general principles or laws, but with a narrow, arbitrary, and unintelligent dogmatism, a dogmatism which affects to make laws for literature and art instead of humbly investigating laws in literature and art. Their new way of impressions is like a certain Mr. Locke's "new way of ideas," a protest against unmeaning and dictatorial Dogmatism. They do not deny the existence of law, but the law that they recognise is law in the natural rather than in the statutory sense. And in this they would probably have had the sympathy of sensible critics in all ages. They are at one with Mr. Lang in his dislike of unreasonable Taboos.

At the same time their method is sufficiently distinctive to be an agreeable change from the monotony of critical analysis and comparison. Not only are they children of their age in being Evolutionists, with a strong fancy for tracing laws of growth and development. "Serviceable criticism," as Mr. Walkley says, "traces the filiation of dramatic ideas, sorts and labels them, and cultivates a keen eye for family likenesses." Only M. Brunetière does this as much as M. France or M. Lemaitre. Where the Impressionists specially deserve our gratitude is in recognising how much the impression depends on the *impressee*, and in taking pains to place us at his point of view.

W. MINTO.

REVIEWS.

THE ART OF ASIA MINOR.

HISTORY OF ART IN PHRYGIA, LYDIA, CARIA, AND LYCIA. By Georges Perrot and Charles Chipiez. (English Translation.) London: Chapman & Hall.

THE main portion of this book, and, on the whole, the most interesting, is that devoted to Phrygia; but in its English dress it suffers somewhat by the unavoidable comparison with the two masterly essays on Phrygia published by Professor Ramsay in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (vols. ix. and x.) when the earlier *livraisons* of M. Perrot's book had already appeared. It is true that the French authors clearly marked in the *addenda* those points where Mr. Ramsay had occasion to dissent from them, but so rapid is the accumulation of new material in the archaeological field that we could wish that any translation of a work of this kind might become, in the hands of a competent authority and under the supervision of the authors, the occasion for a new edition. Still, it seems ungracious to begin with a criticism; for though we miss Mr. Ramsay's scientific exactness, we have what the preceding volumes of the *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité* have taught us to look for, namely, a brilliant *résumé* of what the best writers have had to say on the subject, accompanied by well-selected and well-executed illustrations. In delightful introductory chapters M. Perrot sketches with a facile hand the customs, the religion, and the history of each country the art of which he is going to describe. Homer and Strabo are cited *pari passu* with modern travellers, perhaps without much criticism of their statements, but then the resulting picture is one that stamps itself on the memory, and is therefore more likely than a profound treatise to incite the reader to further study and research. The rural life of the Phrygians could hardly have been described more felicitously than in the following passage:—"With them all that related to husbandry was deemed sacred: the husbandman, the ploughshare, and the patient oxen yoked thereto, were under Divine protection. Death was the sentence passed upon the evil-doer who misappropriated implements of husbandry or killed a plough-ox. The gold-plated chariot of their great ancestor, Gordios, had not been a war-chariot but a lumbering cart, which served him to garner his crops. The plating had been of later days, so as to render it a fit offering to Olympus. Had not he commanded his winged messenger, the eagle, to alight on the yoke of Gordios' team, as an earnest of his future power? This was no other than the famous chariot placed in the Thesaurion by his son Midas, and doubtless very similar to the *arabas* of the present day. Then, too, the fabulous wealth of Midas had been foreshadowed in grains of wheat carried by ants to his infant lips; whilst his gigantic son Lityerses, a king among reapers, gloried in the stoutness of his sinews, and overthrew everybody whom he challenged to single combat. His name it was which resounded in the lowlands in harvest-time, or around the threshing-floor." Nevertheless, we are bound to say that whatever charm the passage retains in the English is scarcely due to the translator's efforts. So penetrating is M. Perrot's style that it is able to assert itself even through the veil of a translation that does its utmost to conceal it. Thus, it is surprising to find that the last English sentence quoted above stands for "c'était son nom que portait, c'était celui qui célébrait même chez les Grecs la chanson qui retentissait dans les plaines où les blés murs tombaient et se couchaient sous le fer. Tous ces contes sont nés autour de l'aire où les bœufs dépeignent le grain." Is it ignorance on the translator's part that robs us of those delicate suggestions which irresistibly recall to the reader of the French the 10th Idyll of Theokritos, where the reapers cut the ripe corn to the rhythm of the "Lityerses" song"—a connection that was certainly present to

the author's mind? Then, again, the translator has probably never witnessed the primitive farming of Southern countries, or he would have seen what a living reality is imparted to the picture by the description of "the threshing-floor where the oxen tread out the grain." If we thus insist on the defects of the translation—and this passage is typical of the whole method—it is because we maintain that one great merit of M. Perrot's book lies in his vivid presentation of the subject; to curtail his sentences and omit his comparisons is to rob his work of something like half its value.

The student will find much that is interesting in the section on funereal architecture, and though Professor Ramsay has told us with regret that M. Perrot's plate of the Midas tomb is not absolutely correct, yet we may feel grateful for having in such an accessible form what is "on the whole the best view" that has ever been published of the famous monument. Readers, however, should not omit to refer to Mr. Ramsay's pages (*J. H. S.*, x., pp. 149—151) and to his instructive analysis of the intricate pattern. The French and the English scholars are not yet agreed as to the purpose of the monument. M. Perrot refuses to see a tomb behind the façade, and maintains the religious import of the structure. It was erected, he thinks, in the eighth or seventh century, B.C., when the Phrygians had constituted themselves into a political body, by the descendants of an eponymous hero named Midas, to whom, as father of a whole race of kings, divine honours were rendered. Certainly Mr. Ramsay's objection that Midas does not appear as the surname of the dedicatory of the "tomb" (the inscription runs *Ates Arkiæraïs placed to Midas the King*) seems fatal to M. Perrot's theory. Mr. Ramsay believes in the existence of a grave which has been "more skilfully or more successfully concealed"; and if this conjecture be right it seems far-fetched to seek for any other than a purely sepulchral interpretation for the great Midas tomb, especially when we remember that the Cimmerian invasion, in which a King Midas lost his life, is now attested by epigraphical evidence.

While on the subject of the "tomb," we must point out a most unfortunate blunder. Professor Ramsay (*J. H. S.*, x., p. 156) had called attention to the misquotation from Hesychius (p. 102 of the French text)—*Και ὁμνουν τὸν Μίδα θεόν*—whence M. Perrot had inferred that the Phrygians worshipped Midas as a god, while the actual passage gives *τὴν Μίδα θεόν*—"the subjects of Midas revered and made oath by the goddess of Midas." In the appendix, p. 900, of the French edition M. Perrot had fully acknowledged his error, and corrected the quotation. We are therefore surprised to find in the footnote to p. 101 of the English text the old misquotation—*τὸν Μίδα θεόν*! Very graphic is the description of the Sipylus region, with its tombs of Tantalos, its colossal Cybele, and its throne of Pelops, though the English translator, who contributes a few notes, might have added a reference to the latest paper on the subject of this whole region, namely, that by Martin Scheffal in the *Revue Archéologique*, 1890, p. 390 *seq.*

M. Perrot fairly sums up the position of Phrygia in the history of ancient art. He considers that it stands as nearly as possible in the same relation to Hittite (or Syro-Kappadocian) art as the latter does to the art of Chaldaea and Assyria. The Phrygians are inferior to their masters, but their work is of unique importance, for they were the "middlemen" through whom the Greeks received some of their most important architectonic forms. But we think M. Perrot inclines to magnify what he calls the "returning roads," i.e., the influence which Greece in her turn exercised over Phrygia. He draws so much in his section on Paphlagonia from Professor G. Hirschfeld's valuable study ("Paphlagonische Felsengräber," 1885) that we wonder he has not taken into more serious consideration the German scholar's view of the independent development of Phrygian art ("P. F.," p. 42). It may be that M. Perrot feels with Professor Ramsay that these

are questions that must remain purely conjectural until complete drawings of *late* as well as of *early* Phrygian monuments can be set before the student. We can only hope that the importance of Phrygia in the history of art—an importance which this book brings out most clearly—will at last arouse those interested in such matters to a sense of the urgent necessity there is for sending out draughtsmen to Phrygia with the proper equipment and the necessary funds.

The chapter on Lydia, following as it does the full section on Phrygia, appears somewhat meagre, but the fault is more in the lack of material than in M. Perrot, who here, as ever, has the happy knack of bringing out the characteristic note. The sculpture of Lydia may be practically *nil* (yet we are glad to see that in the appendix M. Perrot gives the charming miniature frieze in white marble from the Bin Tipeh, now in the British Museum), but M. Perrot shows us that her real contribution lay in having enriched the world with a monetary system; and not only so, but when she first put her stamp on her ingots, she opened out for art, in "the two faces of the coin," a double field which, at the touch of Greece and of Rome, was to be "productive of the richest and most exquisite harvest."

Caria forms on the whole the most disappointing portion of the book. We have heard so much of the "Carian hypothesis," of the possible connection of Caria with the fascinating and mysterious civilisations revealed in Mycenæ and Tiryns, that we looked eagerly for M. Perrot's own views at the end of his section on Carian pottery, only to find the discussion reserved until he can bring before his readers an account of the oldest civilisations at Hissarlik or on Hellenic soil.

So too with Lycia; its interest for the general reader lies doubtless in the later sculptures of Xanthos and of Gjölbasci, but M. Perrot keeps strictly to a consideration of Lycia during the period of its independence, before it was included in the satrapy of Ionia. Therefore he confines himself very nearly to that strange funerary architecture, so closely modelled on timber constructions, which has been made so familiar by the beautiful drawings in Benndorf's "Reisen in Lykien," etc. There is a short section on Lycian sculpture previous to the time when it came under Greek influence, as to which we note that the interest centres in that fine tomb from Xanthos in the British Museum, decorated on its long sides with scenes of warfare and of hunting, and on its short sides with the figure of a lion couchant devouring a calf.

If the history of the art of the several countries stops short just where our main interest would begin, it serves to remind us pleasantly that this book, along with its brilliant predecessors, is after all but another introductory chapter to what will doubtless be the author's greatest achievement. As we close this volume we venture to express the hope that the day is not far distant when M. Perrot will apply his luminous method to the tangled problems of Hellenic art.

PREACHERS OF THE AGE.

FROM ADVENT TO ADVENT. Sermons preached at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, by the late Aubrey L. Moore, M.A., Honorary Canon of Christ Church. London: Percival & Co.

PREACHERS OF THE AGE. V.-VIII. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 1892.

V. The Knowledge of God, and Other Sermons. By the Lord Bishop of Wakefield.

VI. Light and Peace, and Other Sermons. By the Rev. Henry Robert Reynolds, D.D., President of Cheshunt College.

VII. The Journey of Life. By the Rev. Canon W. J. Knox-Little, of Worcester.

VIII. Messages to the Multitude. By Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

HERE are a group of preachers, only one of whom stands in the front rank of his vocation, but who, as a whole, are fairly representative of the religious

teaching of our day. Three are Anglicans, one is a Congregationalist, and one is Spurgeon. Their collections of sermons are evidently fair specimens of the gospel they have, and of the way they deliver it. Mr. Moore goes the round of the Christian year. Bishop Walsham How discourses on the relations of religion with science, with character, with practical life and social service. Many of Dr. Reynolds' sermons were written only for students, but all are popular and comprehend a full survey of the influence of Christ and the kingdom He claims in the world. Canon Knox-Little takes us over the whole "Journey of Life." And Mr. Spurgeon has selected from his long ministry ten sermons and two addresses—delivered between 1859 and 1891—as typical of his preaching.

Before we say anything about these volumes separately, we may note a few interesting features common to them all. It is striking how identical are the principles that underlie them. They all adhere strictly to the orthodox Christian creed. They are practical, and emphasise character as the chief thing in religion; but they rest upon doctrine of a clear and definite kind. There is, indeed, little exposition of dogma, but the great articles of Christian belief—the sinfulness of sin, man's depravity, the reality of the Holy Spirit's work, the Divinity of Christ, His indispensableness to men, the difference of the life which He inspires from the highest of all other kinds of life, however virtuous and clean, the certainty of judgment and of heaven—such are the themes to which all these preachers have given all their hearts. It is remarkable that in such representatives of the preaching of this age there should be not only no trace of relaxation from a firm hold upon the chief Christian doctrines, but no great anxiety to accommodate these to persons of a looser or broader theology. Again, there is very little that is sectarian in any of these sermons. Even of Mr. Spurgeon, who had perhaps most excuse to emphasise his denomination, you could scarcely tell from his volume that he was a Baptist. The two High Churchmen, indeed, betray that accent of provincialism which is characteristic of their school; it is disguised neither by Mr. Moore's classic culture, nor by Canon Knox-Little's frequent assumption of the name Catholic. In spirit President Reynolds is really the most Catholic; his address at the opening of Mansfield College contains at once the most liberal appreciation of all the historic movements of English Christianity, and the largest hope of the Church to come. Again, it is singular how little these "Preachers of the Age" have to say of the chief problems of the age—the social ones. You would not gather from any—except from some passages in the Bishop of Wakefield's volume—that a great economic revolution was in progress to-day, most of the chief factors of which were moral and religious. How differently a Chrysostom preached to his age—as spiritually, with as firm an emphasis on Christian doctrine, with an even more close exposition of the original Scripture, but with a constant application—which we miss in these volumes—of both Scripture and creed to the problems of labour and government.

The late Canon Moore's sermons will be very helpful to persons of education. They breathe sincerity. They are as bold and emphatic as ever Church doctor was, upon the need of a definite theology; as precise upon the facts of Christ's life; as uncompromising on man's sinfulness and the reality of judgment. But their style is calm and restrained; there are no exaggerations, contortions of texts, or illegitimate surprises—never a trick in the whole year's preaching. We have seldom read a volume of sermons more corrective of sensational religion or more distinguished by warm and practical enforcement of the duty of intellectual effort in religion.

The Bishop of Wakefield's sermons are also worthy of high praise. They belong to a high type

of Anglican preaching—sane, manly, tender, devout. In their treatment of vexed questions they are as becometh a Bishop's work, eminently judicial. Whether he be treating of Socialism or Religious Emotion—the latter the subject of a sermon preached after the London Mission in 1874—Dr. Walsham How is both sympathetic and sagacious. His opening sermons on the Relations of Religion and Science are not so successful; but the practical discourses, such as "Enduring Hardness," "The Spirit of Christ in Daily Life," and "Daily Life Hallowed by the Cross," richly help both heart and brain. Above all, the Bishop is spiritual. With his emphasis on the indispensableness of Church fellowship and the Sacraments, he insists, as clearly as Spurgeon himself, that the Church must not stand between the believer and Christ.

We wish we could speak as well of Canon Knox-Little's volume, but this is not possible. His sermons lose perhaps more than those of the others do in the absence of the preacher's presence and voice. They are far more wordy, and would need all the Canon's oratorical fire to make them glow. But they have graver faults: attacks upon the excesses of Puritan zeal without any acknowledgment of Puritan morality; railing at the conclusions of Calvinism without any evidence of effort to understand the logic by which these conclusions were reached; cheap hits at modern critics, and vain shows of overthrowing their conclusions by adducing, as on p. 162, the very weakest of thin arguments for these; and even such assertions as the following:—"It is characteristic of the Catholic Church that she alone has the saint on his knees, and never allows the most advanced and truly Christian mind to forget the chasm between creature and Creator." Does Canon Knox-Little expect Englishmen to believe this audacious claim he makes for what he calls the Catholic Church? The saint upon his knees was surely found as often behind Cromwell as behind Laud—is to-day as often among Methodists as among High Churchmen; and it would be easy to show that the theology of the Nonconformist Church in England, and the devotional books of her finest saints are even more strained than Anglican theology and experience have been by the awful sense of the "chasm between creature and Creator." Indeed, with all but the largest minds among High Churchmen, the emphasis put upon the Church and upon sacraments has tended to cover that chasm, and render the mind more insensible to its awe. Canon Knox-Little allows himself remarkable license in his interpretations of a text. His treatment of the text of his sixth sermon is as far as possible from the meaning of the original; it is no wonder that he is able to apply it in the way he does.

The value of Principal Reynolds' fine sermons consists in their emphasis upon the uniqueness of Christ, and in their illustration of the light He has thrown upon the common experiences of human life. They are very true and stimulating. More than the other volumes they take account of the foreign obligations of our British Christianity. There is one very noble sermon on "The Ideal and Standard of Christian Unity"—"that they may be one even as Thou, Father, art in me and I in thee, that they may be one in us." On this well-worn theme of the preacher Dr. Reynolds succeeds in producing a wonderfully fresh and suggestive sermon. We do not remember to have seen before this line of argument—"That as the Father and Son are one, not in method of work or in the form in which they manifest themselves, but in the essence of their mutual love, so the unity that is their people's ideal is not intellectual or of organisation, but consists mainly in the participation and the exercise of Divine love." This is beautifully expanded and illustrated.

To pass from all these to Spurgeon is at once to feel his pre-eminence. He has a freedom, an ease, a readiness and wealth of illustration, a resource of language, a command of fire, that are royal. As a preacher Spurgeon had his faults, but there are none

of them conspicuous in this volume, which, among all the noble members of the series it belongs to, is the most noble.

THE OLD MAN OF THE MOREA.

KOLOKOTRONES, THE KLEPHT, AND THE WARRIOR: An Autobiography. Translated by Mrs. Edmonds. (The Adventure Series.) London: T. Fisher Unwin.

It is a true instinct that has made Kolokotrones the hero of the Greek War of Independence. In the hearts of his countrymen he takes precedence of Kapodistrias and Hypsilanti, by the same right as Garibaldi does of Cavour and Mazzini. In a war of liberation the guerilla chief fills the eyes and hearts of his countrymen because he is only a little wiser and better than themselves. He is the embodiment of the struggling national sentiment which is only a counter in the game of the statesman. This is truer of no one than of Kolokotrones. He has all the virtues and vices of the Greek leader, whether modern and ancient. Resolute and obstinate, self-reliant and insubordinate, patriotic and narrow-minded, sagacious and cunning, he is alternately the Hector and the Hadji-Stavros of his age. And lest the examples of Alcibiades and Lysander should not be enough to explain such a character, he has left us his autobiography. With a preface by M. Genadieu, the Greek envoy, and a historical introduction by Mrs. Edmonds, it forms not only a captivating story of adventure, but a valuable commentary on the history of the Greek national movement. More than that it could not be, for Kolokotrones' style is emphatically the man. The sentences are set down just as they are dictated by the old hero. "In my youth," he significantly tells us, "when I had time to learn, there were not many schools." He is rugged and picturesque; but it is impossible to get any connected idea of events from them. Like Herodotus he "goes in search of digressions"; like Thucydides, he takes care of the thought and lets the words take care of themselves—often disastrously for both. Every captain of irregulars or petty hamlet in the Morea is spoken of as if the names were as familiar as Moses or Paris. The real value of the book is not that of a history or even a biography (for we really hear very little explicitly of Kolokotrones as a man), but that of a plain man's story, which tells the observant hearer far more than the teller ever imagines.

The fighting capacity of Greece at the beginning of this century was represented by the two organisations of the Armatoli and Klephts. The first was a body of local militia, under the Turkish Government; the latter, banditti of the mountains, and the Greek passed naturally from one to the other according to the political situation. All the patriotism of the Greeks was enshrined in the songs of the Klephts; their bands, as Kolokotrones told Hamilton, were the royal garrison of the country. "The name of Klepht," he says, "was a boast. The prayer of a father for his son was that he might become a Klepht. . . . Our chief officers were always chosen for their courage and ability. Prizes were given to those who distinguished themselves. Reverence for women was our law; whoever insulted a woman was driven out from us. We had games and drums to amuse ourselves with—jumping, dances, heroic songs, and quoits. Our arms were pistols, daggers, and swords, carried in our belts. We had jambes on the legs, and in winter we wore breast-plates, and we also had large buttons on our waistcoats. When any of us was seriously wounded in a battle and could not be carried away, we all kissed him and then cut off his head. It was thought a great dishonour to have the Turks bear away one's head." The original home of the Klephts was in the northern mountains, "on Suli's rock and Parga's shore," where they were long encouraged by the Venetians, but after the Russian invasion of 1770 they began to flourish in the Morea. Their chief stronghold there was Mani, the southern heights of the ancient

Taygetus. As the persistent enemies of the Turks, they were generally popular among the peasantry. But when there were no Turks to plunder they never scrupled to come down on the Proestoi, or Greek local officers. Like the Greeks, they never allowed patriotism or Christianity to interfere with business. In the War of Liberation Kolokotrones was accused of forcing the peasants to support his men, even to the extent of coffee and sugar, though he himself is naturally reticent on the subject. But he does drop a few hints now and then as to his methods. "I lost no time, but straightway issued the following proclamation:—'Fire and sword to every place that does not listen to the voice of the nation.'" And again, "I ordered the Greeks to harvest the currants in order that they might be rewarded for their exertions, as we took the currants under a sense of national justice." The Christianity of the Klepht was that of Cœur de Lion or Taras Bulba—it showed itself mainly in using the cross as a standard and killing infidels. Not but that Kolokotrones venerated the Virgin sincerely enough, and took some very efficacious vows in the course of the war; also, M. Gennadius tells us, he was an adept in divining by the bones of sheep. But before all things he was a practical man. "We were in want of paper; we had therefore made use of the library of the Monastery of Demitsana, and also those of other monasteries, in order to make cartridges."

It is not surprising that a war begun by Klephts (though in the end it was only the dogged patriotism of the peasantry that carried Greece through the seven years of the struggle) should have been of the most desultory kind. There is nothing more striking about this book than the way in which it illustrates, and is illustrated by, the character of the classical Greeks. The intellectual keenness is gone, but everything else remains. The Hellenes are always children, bright but inconsequent; brave in the field but unstable and notably helpless before fortifications; above all, incapable of subordinated action to a large political end. We might fancy that we were reading the very words of Thucydides in such passages as these:—"A few were killed, and we had a little fighting, but we returned to Agos with nothing achieved." "The people always have a fancy for killing their Governors whenever the smallest cause for discontent arises." Kolokotrones constantly gives the most vivid pictures of the incorrigible insubordination that did so much harm to the Greek cause. "The Government," he tells us in his Thucydidic way, "was a Government only in name"; and, to do him justice, he took good care that it should be little else. There was no concerted plan of action, no commissariat, no ammunition supply. The fact that, with all these disadvantages, the Greeks should have held out for seven years against the splendid armies that the Turks poured incessantly into their country shows the real strength of the national feeling. Of this feeling Kolokotrones was the truest representative. His family had been Klephts for three hundred years; he was born under a tree on a mountain of Messenia, an outlaw from his birth; his father and two of his uncles were killed by the Turks when he was ten years old. He himself was hunted all over the Morea for years before the War of Independence began. The Porte had resolved to extirpate the whole clan, and he lost thirty-six of his near kinsmen in a single year. "There is not a spot," he says, "where there is not a Kolokotrones buried." In this school he grew up the very pattern of a guerilla chief. He spent forty-five years of his life in irregular warfare; not because he saw that it was the most effective weapon in his hand, but because it was the only one he could conceive of. It is the difference between a great man and a picturesque one. Yet Kolokotrones was a great man in that he knew what he could do with his countrymen, and did it. He was none the less a true leader of men because his men were Greek Klephts and peasants. Here is his secret:—"Every Greek had his caprices and his hobby; and to get any service out of them

one had to be menaced and another cajoled, according to the nature of the man."

A MINIATURE OF CARLYLE.

LAST WORDS OF THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

CONVERSATIONS WITH CARLYLE. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.

MUCH evil has been spoken and written of "Wotton Reinfred," the unfinished novel by Carlyle which occupies half of the book foolishly called "Last Words of Thomas Carlyle." We are quite willing to recognise, as Carlyle did, that it is a failure. "He could not write a novel any more than he could write poetry. He had no *invention*; his genius was for fact; to lay hold on truth with all his intellect and all his imagination." Even if he had possessed a gift for prose fiction, the circumstances under which he attempted "Wotton Reinfred" were altogether adverse to a man of Carlyle's temperament. It was during the first months of his marriage, when no employment offered, and he was trying to make it, sketching a prospectus for a literary "Annual Register," a work intended to perform for the intelligent part of the reading world such services as "Forget-me-nots," "Souvenirs," etc., seemed to perform for the idle part of it—a condition of affairs impossible for the production of any but the most ready-written fiction. But why the editor who publishes "Wotton Reinfred" now, should be invited with cheap sarcasm to issue a selection from Carlyle's washing-bills we fail to see. This fragment is of great interest, as Carlyle's only failure in prose, the only thing he began and never finished; it is interesting because it embodies the first sketch of the love-episode in "Sartor Resartus"; it is interesting as a reflection of Carlyle's mind at a very unsettled period. The stiff academic writing, excellent in its kind, is in extraordinary contrast with the style Carlyle was about to develop; and here and there are passages unsurpassed even by Carlyle himself. Take the following description of a portrait of Cromwell:—

"Old Noll, as he looked and lived! The armed genius of Puritanism; dark in his inward light; negligent, awkward in his strength; meanly apparelled in his pride; base-born, and yet more than kingly. Those bushy, grizzled locks flowing over his shoulders; that high, careworn brow; the gleam of those eyes, cold and stern as the sheen of a winter moon; that rude, rough-hewn, battered face, so furrowed over with mad, inexplicable traces, the very wart on the cheek, are full of meaning. This is the man whose words no one could interpret, but whose thoughts were clearest wisdom, who spoke in laborious folly, in voluntary or involuntary enigmas, but saw and acted unerringly as fate. Confusion, ineptitude, dishonesty, are pictured on his countenance, but through these shines a fiery strength, nay, a grandeur, as of a true hero. You see that he was fearless, resolute as a Scanderbeg, yet cunning and double withal, like some paltry pettifogger. He is your true enthusiastic hypocrite; at once crackbrained and inspired; a knave and a demigod; in brief, Old Noll, as he looked and lived!"

Only he who was to substitute a higher idea of Cromwell could have stated so powerfully the highest then existing.

"Wotton Reinfred" is followed by "Excursion (futile enough) to Paris," and some letters (1837–1857) of Carlyle's to Varnhagen von Ense, and some (1843–1849) of Mrs. Carlyle's to Amely Bölte. Of the "Excursion" we spoke our mind in these columns on its appearance in the *New Review*. A re-perusal increases our admiration of the easy strength of Carlyle's off-hand manner, easy and fierce like a tiger killing flies—to vary the wheel-and-butterfly image—and renews our wonder at his callous, cruel, immeasurable egotism. Of the letters Mrs. Carlyle's are more entertaining than her husband's.

The gentler side of the Carlyles appears in strong relief in Sir Gavan Duffy's book. Mrs. Carlyle was one of the most natural, unaffected, fascinating women the author ever encountered, "full of intellect and kindness blended gracefully together"; and Carlyle was found to be a man of a prevailingly gracious humour, playful on occasion, but with

thunderstorms and hurricanes to break the serenity. With loving fidelity Sir Gavan Duffy has transcribed the impressions made upon himself by Carlyle; it is an indication of the admirable qualities of his own character and temperament that he should have experienced so much kindness at Carlyle's hands; his presence and his memory seem to have had a mollifying effect on his friend's harshness. But we must be very careful to accept Sir Gavan Duffy's miniature of Carlyle for what it is—a softly tinted portrayal of a mood which the painter had the happy power of producing in his subject. Time and the thoughts of men weaken the characteristics of the dead. The world on the whole and in the mass is neither very strong-minded nor very hard-hearted, and it gradually modifies the ideas of its great men to its own likeness: anthropomorphism is as active in biography and history as it is in theology. In Sir Gavan Duffy's book this anthropomorphism is already amicably at work. Indeed, the publication of Froude's "Life"—from internal evidence, and the evidence of Carlyle's own writings, perhaps the truest contemporary account yet given of one man by another—at once set the nacre-ducts of the world streaming to cover up with pearl the rough, uncomfortable reality. But however grateful we are to Sir Gavan Duffy for his pleasant miniature, and however much we may sympathise with the gentle-minded world at large in its endeavour after a comfortable view of things, we shall always consider it a most fortunate circumstance that one masculine nature should have been presented in all its intolerant strength by a kindred spirit whose work will outlast all human attempts at destruction, and hand down to the future the stern, mocking, and yet reverent, features of him who made himself the headman of humbugs and the high-priest of heroes.

The interest of Sir Gavan Duffy's book is not by any means confined to his judgment on Carlyle. It furnishes "a striking gallery of portraits, and a unique body of criticism on the writers of the century, by one of the most impressive painters of men that ever existed."

We have found much entertainment and much food for thought in both these volumes, and heartily recommend them to the general, as well as to the gentle, reader.

MADAME DE STAËL.

MADAME DE STAËL. By Albert Sorel, Membre de l'Institut. London: Fisher Unwin.

BYRON, with that quick unstudied knack of his, called Mme. de Staël an avalanche, and said she was all snow and sophistry. Elsewhere he said that to try and read her Essay on Suicide was enough to make somebody shoot himself sooner. When she had tired him out she was "Mrs. Stale, as John Bull calls Corinne." This was in 1813 and 1814, and seems unknown to M. Sorel. Later, indeed, she shamelessly patted up his vanity, and he modulated a little; but he always said she ought to have been a man, and called her (writing to Moore) the Epicene. Joubert said she was a moral hermaphrodite. M. Sorel only muddles it when he here says that "Animated by a virile genius, she was yet too entirely a woman." Poor Benjamin Constant knew better when he wrote: "I am tired of this man-woman, whose iron hand has held me bound for the last ten years," for such was the time the "immoral centaur," to which their *liaison* might well be likened, had then lasted.

Sir Walter Scott had a horror of her, and when she was over here avoided falling in her way. Schiller was distracted by her. "I feel as if I was recovering from an illness," said he, when he had got out of her reach. Before Sismondi could effect an escape, he had been "stunned by the everlasting passages at arms." "She is perpetual motion," said Napoleon to Metternich, and she acted on him like a tsetse fly. Uncompromising as a brass door-knob, she was thus for many a long year the public

nuisance of Europe; and she had early indicated her own career by her "Ah, what an intoxicating joy is notoriety!" Garrulous and intriguing by nature, her inextinguishable volubility was deafening and distracting; it dazed Paris and bewildered Weimar. "One need be all ears to follow her," said Schiller. She and all her salon "thought only to talk, and talked to be applauded." "She frightened the women," said Mme. de Rémusat, "and offended scores of men to whom she showed she thought herself superior." Senac de Meilhan said her manners were stunning in their vehemence, and her conversation was like a common assault. "Science in petticoats," said Talleyrand, to whom she was a living abomination. "I understand everything worth understanding, and what I do not understand has no existence," was her own meek way of putting it.

Her writing was incessant, and it was all second-hand. She scratched away at random anywhere; at her toilet under the hands of the hairdresser, standing at her salon chimney-shelf, at meals, even while despatching her morning coffee; she had no hours for retirement and no writing desk. One chief reason for this was that she brazenly appropriated on the spot all that anyone about her said, and then, when it was "down," read it out aloud to the salon, provoked discussion, and ran in everyone's advice between the lines, until the whole thing became a broken-backed monster covering acres—leagues. Thus nothing she put her pen to can rightly be called hers: not even her likening Napoleon, in her "Dix Années d'Exil," to the Italian tyrants of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—a comparison which, by the way, has just been outdone by M. Émile Erckmann in "Le grand-père Jacques," where he calls him "an Asiatic, a Carthaginian; for the Carthaginians colonised Corsica long before the Romans."

Her connection with Benjamin Constant was as long and miscellaneous as her scribbles. The equation B. C. + Mme. de S. = *Adolphe* expressed but one stage of this *Elle et Lui* cat and dog life. She wrote him missives that, as the wretch himself complained, "one would not write even to a highway robber." When they both at last got married on the sly—to others—he first at forty-one, and she (three years later) at forty-five, and Mme. de Staël insisted upon both marriages being kept secret, the very pitch of the grotesque had been reached. Even so, we might append a tableau of that other incorrigible scribbler, Mme. de Genlis, the hypocritical mother of the Duke of Orleans's Pamela, accusing Mme. de Staël of corrupting morals. Later she took to opium, became sleepless and incapable of work, had a stroke, and died under the influence of her drug.

Her notoriety was in great part due to her having had the luck to irritate, to fetch, the *parvenu*, the vulgar side of Napoleon; and he therefore hustled her about in a womanish sort of way. First she made a dead set at him; and M. Sorel does not give the Emperor's own story about her forcing herself in before he was dressed, and saying that did not matter, for genius was sexless. She also, he said ("Mémorial de Ste. Hélène," 20th January 1816), offered him her pen and principles for ever, after Elba, if he gave her the £80,000 which had just been ordered for her by Louis XVIII.

It was almost inevitable that this book about her should also be a minor terror. Small as it is, it is unconscionably long, and M. Sorel picks his way about on his impossibly tall stilts so as manifestly to please the Duc de Broglie, who is Mme. de Staël's grandson; winding up by putting this androgynous "once and for all into the patrimony of the glories of France." His language is always of the fatiguing Minerva House type, written as it were with the backboard on; and the English version is fearfully and wonderfully made. Fortunately it is quite unintelligible in many places.

It may be a convenience to remind readers that two other books about this prodigy appeared about

the same time as this one of M. Sorel; one by M. Dejob, and the other (both in German and French) by Lady Blennerhasset, who is at least as international as her subject.

PESSIMIST HUMOUR.

STORIES AND INTERLUDES. By Barry Pain. London: Henry & Co.

It is really a great pity Mr. Pain should be prevented by etiquette from reviewing his own book in the columns of *THE SPEAKER*. If it has any weak spots he might be trusted to lay hands, though possibly not violent hands, upon them. There are authors, no doubt, who could not safely be charged with the delicate task of reviewing themselves—writers who after repeated perusals of their own works pronounce them faultless, and who genuinely admire their own genius, and every evening lay down their heads upon their pillows, honestly convinced that the world would miss them if they died in the night. Mr. Barry Pain has far too much humour to be a messmate with such ludicrous and pompous creatures. There is, he shrewdly says in this volume, "a combination of imagination and vanity which nothing, not even kindness, can kill." There is usually more vanity than imagination in the breed of authors we are referring to, who, in their entire self-absorption, remind us more of browsing cattle or sheep, "forty feeding like one" on self-love and satisfaction, than of laughter-loving humanity.

But the rules of reviewing must be observed, even though the effect may be to prevent a book being reviewed by the only man who has ever read it.

Mr. Pain has, and deserves to have, many readers and admirers. This particular book is amazingly clever and teems with pungent satire and good things. "She saw many other sorrows and she thought very little of them. People, she perceived, always exaggerated the importance of death and money and love. Yet she saw a wind, a venomous wind, snap the stalk of the very loveliest daffodil, and nobody wore black clothes for it or had sherry and biscuits, or showed any of the signs of sorrow."

If the mirth is not always very mirthful, that is no reason for refusing to be amused. Mr. Pain's humour has a flavour of its own. It is none the worse for that. Some people like Amontillado better than Madeira, others do not.

We advise the reader to begin with "Rural Simplicity." He will find it a most pungent and yet naïve bit of satire upon our wretched sex. The way Miss Millicent Marshe, the daughter of a country parson, deludes three men into the belief that she is quite unspoilt and has never given a sentimental thought in her life to a man, is made excruciatingly plain in a very short series of letters. She loses the lover she most wants and has to put up with number two because she listens to the advice of a female correspondent who tells a doleful tale: "You know, my dear Millicent, that I myself have loved and lost. I was then in the first bloom of my girlhood. Young, guileless, tender-hearted, beautiful, some said. I never attempted to conceal my passion, and that was why I lost him." Poor, innocent Miss Millicent acts on this head, snubs her lover, who, like a wise man, packs up his traps and goes away for two years. The whole thing is excellently well done, and is as short as may be.

After concluding his chuckle over the ineradicable innocence of even fallen man, the reader should turn the pages till he lights upon "Two Poets" which also has a quaint humour. Archibald Somers is as gloriously vain as a man as he is fatuously ridiculous as a poet. Being rich he is able to do what poverty has never yet prevented a poet from doing, publish his poems. Archibald, however, publishes his in vellum—an odious binding, in our judgment, in this city of smuts. He has a friend, Hubert, who is not so rich, but a better poet

though "quite unpublished." Hubert's wife could not live with him, and certainly he has a sharp tongue, though we are assured he never lost his sweet temper. The conversation of these two poets at dinner makes up the story. Mr. Pain adds a postscript which we are bound to say we do not understand, for it contemplates the possibility that sixty years after the death of a fatuous ass who wrote bad verses a critical work might appear extolling him to the skies and ridiculing his friend for not having played the part of Boswell to a fool. No such thing ever did or ever could happen. Fools we have always with us, and shall always have; but they are our own fools, not those of a bygone day. We have our own Bavius and our own Mævius; but for the Bavius and the Mævius of our grandfathers we have nothing but forgetfulness or scorn.

These two stories will initiate the reader into Mr. Barry Pain's modes and methods, and henceforth he may be left to read as he likes. He is sure to be interested.

We cannot, however, part with this book without an expostulatory groan. The story called "Exchange" is really more melancholy and miserable than we ought to be asked to put up with. The devil might have written it with his tail had pen and ink been handy. Of course, everybody has a right to write about what he likes, and particularly when he writes so well as Mr. Pain; but readers have their rights too, and feeble protest is amongst them. We hope Mr. Pain will grow merrier as he grows older.

FICTION.

1. COME LIVE WITH ME AND BE MY LOVE. By Robert Buchanan. One vol. London: William Heinemann.
2. MRS. SMITH'S CRAZE, ETC. By Henry Ross. One vol. London: Digby, Long & Co.
3. THE FINGER OF SCORN. By Reginald E. Salway. Two vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN confesses in a prefatory note that he has founded his novel on his pastoral drama, *Squire Kate*; and *Squire Kate* was founded on a French drama entitled *La Fermière*. We understand, however, that we may hold Mr. Buchanan responsible for the scenery, atmosphere, and characterisation. Moreover, the verse-headings to the chapters are taken, with one or two exceptions, from poems of his own; "mostly unpublished," he adds, with pleasing candour. In fact, the reader can commence the volume with the feeling that he understands all about it, except the reason why there is imprinted upon its cover a representation of a partially submerged cauliflower. One of the verse-headings runs as follows:—

"We were two sisters of one race.
She was the fairest in the face."

Mr. Buchanan ascribes these lines to Tennyson. It is not necessary to make much of the fact that they are incorrectly quoted. We mention them because they give the key-note of the story—there are "two daughters of one race," and there is the usual result. Catherine and Bridget both love the same man. Their story has, to some extent, strength and interest; but the chief impression which it leaves in the mind is that it probably makes a much better play than novel. The three suitors who seek Catherine's hand, upon her accession to fortune, and are set by her to work in her hay-field, belong to comic relief rather than to fiction. One nauseous scene, when Bridget is ill from the effects of poison, could not be given on the stage as it is written here; but the triumph of the herbalist over the regular practitioner is an instance of that victory of the unlikely which has always been popular in melodrama. The happy and quite unconvincing conclusion of the story must surely have been written by one whose eyes were fixed upon the Adelphi footlights; without the least prejudice in favour of pessimism, we cannot believe in Catherine's

happiness. The book contains some strong and dramatic scenes; some of the characters are mere stage-types, but one or two are better work. The poem at the conclusion of the book makes a very pleasant and tuneful use of Marlowe's lines:—

"Come, live with me, and be my Love!"
The Shepherd singeth as of old;
Across the fells his white flocks move
Close to the shelter of the Fold;
The sun shines bright, the wind blows free,
All's green beneath, and blue above.
O, hark, again
That old refrain!—
'Come, live with me! Come, live with me!
Come, live with me, and be my Love!'"

The collection of stories entitled "Mrs. Smith's Craze" offers but little opportunity to any reviewer who wishes to write with some approach to kindness. These stories are the adventures of incompetency in the land of the conventional. We would not imply that any one of these stories is particularly probable; most of them are wildly improbable, but then the most improbable stories are often the most conventional. The first story in the book was perhaps considered by its author to be the most important; at any rate, it provides the subject for one of the most vulgar and impossible pictures that have yet disfigured the outside of a novel. Mrs. Smith became, by the death of her husband, the possessor of a fortune, with which she purchased jewels. She kept them in a case screwed to a pedestal in her bedroom. She fell in love with Lord Darring, a noble but penniless maker of practical jokes. He was at least different from her deceased husband, of whom we are told that "under the thin veneer with which, thanks to his millions, its denizens so kindly credited him, there lurked quite close to the surface the cloven foot of ill-temper, intolerance, and latent vulgarity, which crept out and showed itself on the smallest provocation." It is a rapturous sentence: we like to think of that cloven foot lurking under that thin veneer. Lord Darring was also in love with Mrs. Smith; but, being penniless, he was too noble to confess his passion. However, he stopped at her house; and here being, as one of the characters remarks, "an amusing devil" and fond of a practical joke, he so far sank his nobleness as to enter by night the bedroom of his hostess, with whom he was in love, in order to remove her jewels. She shot him, and we regret that she did not kill him. The reader is, we believe, supposed to rather like Lord Darring. We have not told the whole of this peculiarly delirious story, because that might possibly be unjust to its author. The other stories in the book are, perhaps, a little better; but there is no promise in the collection.

In one respect "The Finger of Scorn" is better than "Wildwater Terrace," by the same author, which we noticed in these columns a few weeks ago. "The Finger of Scorn" is better in construction. The author seems to have had from the commencement the central idea of his book clearly before him, and its climax is satisfactory. The hero is a curate, destitute of most physical and social attractions, yet good and courageous; he is suspected (with the usual wrongfulness) of murder, and the villagers turn against him. They make plots for his humiliation, and ultimately petty persecution takes a more tragic form. It is in this that the weak point of the book lies; the villagers are impossible people. Their habits, their dialect, and even their appearance are without conviction; the humour is too forced and too farcical. The characters of the hero and of the murderer are well conceived, and delineated with more skill. As a whole, the book gives a reader the idea that the author is trying to get at the right things, but that he has not yet arrived at them. Restraint is especially needed; it would have removed the exaggerations and over-colour which are so noticeable in the sketch of the natives of Otterby; it might have altered the gasping style in which the last chapter is composed. The book is written with good

feeling; towards the close of the second volume the interest is strong. But, on the whole, "The Finger of Scorn" is more remarkable for its promise than for its performance.

FOR BIBLICAL STUDENTS?

A SACRED DICTIONARY: AN EXPLANATION OF SCRIPTURE NAMES AND TERMS, WITH BRIEF GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL REFERENCES. By Francis Bourazan (late C.M.S. Missionary in Palestine). One vol. London: Nisbet & Co.

"THE following work," says the preface, "is intended to embrace, in a condensed form, all the proper names of the Old and New Testaments, together with those words which belong to botany and natural history, and other miscellaneous ones." After the preface there follows "a complete list of names, etc., contained in the dictionary." These amount to 5,607 words, and they are arranged under 17 heads or classes; passing from names of God, false gods, men, women, peoples, and places, to beasts, plants, minerals, and miscellaneous objects. The names of men amount to 3,037; the names of women to only 181. It is interesting to hear that the spelling of 433 names has been altered in the Revised Version. But we are not altogether satisfied of the accuracy of Mr. Bourazan's lists. For instance, the names of the angels and of the devils are to be found in the body of the dictionary; but we find no provision for them in the list of names; we are left to wonder whether they are omitted in Mr. Bourazan's figures, or whether they are included among gods, men, women, or miscellaneous objects.

The leading thought of the dictionary is to give the meaning of proper names, and we are told from what language they are derived; but this information is expanded into short historical accounts, some of them surely unnecessary, and others, by loose grammar, by loose punctuation, and by odd phraseology, made absurd and dubious. At the name "David" we find, "*Beloved*. The eighth, and the youngest son of Jesse, and the second king of Israel. He was a man of war, and was the father of Solomon." The second sentence is impertinent to those who know the history of David, and useless to those who do not. If we turn to "Solomon" we find, "*Peaceful*. The tenth son and successor of David on the throne of Israel. He was born of Bathsheba, the wife of Uriah, a progenitor of our Lord." Here, for want of a comma and of an article, Solomon is made the tenth successor of David; through a clumsy arrangement of words, Uriah is made "a progenitor of our Lord"; and, to a correct author, Bathsheba would be the widow of Uriah when she became the mother of Solomon.

Before the names, dates are given. This is both necessary and convenient; but is it not bordering upon the ridiculous to find a date before every word; to find "God" ascribed to A.D. 0, "mouse" to B.C. 1490, and "serpent" to B.C. 4000? In Mr. Bourazan's list of miscellaneous objects, the omissions are almost as curious as the definitions of some words which he has inserted. In a list of the implements of Mosaic worship, we find shovels and tongs, but no snuffers. The office of deacon and the position of elder are not explained. "Priest" is given, and the author adds, "according to the spirit of the New Testament the fathers were priests of their own families, and officiated at the domestic altar." This may be the "spirit" of the New Testament, but it is difficult to say that it is the letter; and we cannot imagine whence Mr. Bourazan derives his information about "domestic altars."

"Bishop" is defined *overseer, speculator, or superintendent*; and this is a fair definition, which everyone might accept, as far as it goes; but is it not a little misleading in a popular work, and dangerously near to satire, to define a bishop as a "speculator"? The word is an admirable translation, it is a perfect Latin rendering of the Greek; but to place it thus among ordinary English words is to perplex the learned and to scandalise the unlearned reader. When common terms in the New Testament are given, it is unfortunate to meet with no explanation of "sacrament" or "supper"; and some notice of "bread" we should have thought was imperatively required by the necessities of either Testament.

Most curious of all are Mr. Bourazan's animals; his "Mule," "B.C. 1715. The name of the offspring of the horse and the ass; it is much smaller than the former, and is remarkably hardy, obstinate, and sure-footed, living as long life as a horse." This last expression is no less odd in grammar than some of the others are questionable in fact. But we doubt whether the same depths of platitudes were ever reached before, which are shown us in the definition of "Wind." "B.C. 2349. The Hebrews recognised the existence of four winds as coming from the four quarters of the world, north, south, east, and west."

It is hardly worth while to publish an expensive book to tell us things like this; and too much of Mr. Bourazan's dictionary is filled with information of no greater value. If this book be written for the learned, it must disappoint them; if for the unlearned, it will certainly deceive them; and Mr. Bourazan's loose, unscholarly English will give his readers no confidence in his power to use or to explain the words of the other thirteen languages, to which he refers in the pages of his dictionary.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

MR. BRAYLEY HODGETTS, a journalist who acts as Reuter's agent in Berlin, has just published a straightforward and impressive account of his recent experiences "In the Track of the Russian Famine." He was requested to go as a special correspondent to Russia and to travel through the Empire of the Czar in order to make himself personally acquainted with the actual condition of the people, and in this volume of less than two hundred and fifty pages he gives, with a good deal of vigour and skill, the results of his investigations. Few men could have been better equipped for such a task, for he was thoroughly versed in the manners and customs of the peasantry, as well as in their language and modes of thought—the outcome of a previous residence in Russia of twelve years' duration. At Moscow, Mr. Hodgetts met Count Tolstoi, and it was not long before he discovered that that somewhat quixotic man of genius was inclined to lay the whole blame of the prevailing distress at the door of the railways. In the revival of the industrial life of the villages, Count Tolstoi saw the chief ground of hope. Without lingering at Moscow, Mr. Hodgetts proceeded to Tula, and afterwards travelled through the majority of the famine-stricken districts. During the whole course of his wandering he made daily visits among the peasantry. He gives a dismal description of the state of the country, and yet there appears to be neither malice nor exaggeration in the picture which these pages present. He declares that the country seems face to face with bankruptcy; that the existing agricultural system is a hopeless failure; that the land is exhausted; that the forests have been cut down wantonly; and that, as a consequence, even the climate has suffered. Everywhere despondency prevails, and last year in many places the harvest was so bad that the famished cattle were turned into the fields and allowed to eat crops which hardly seemed worth gathering. The Russian peasant is amiable but lazy, thriftless but picturesque, untruthful but delightfully good-natured; he still remains a serf in heart and a child in self-control. Yet the ruling classes of Russia are beginning to recognise that these rough peasants will one day awaken to their own power and change the existing state of things; meanwhile the Nihilists are eagerly taking advantage of the discontent aroused by the famine to extend their propaganda. It is startling to learn that no less than fifteen provinces of a vast Empire are at present living from hand to mouth, and to all intents and purposes on what we should call outdoor relief. Even the Russian officials have never, we believe, challenged any of Mr. Hodgetts' statements, and he goes out of his way in these pages to acknowledge the uniform courtesy with which he was treated by the authorities. Yet, here are his own words, and we quote them, because they give in a nutshell the gist of the book:—"Imagine an entire country, about ten times the size of England, completely pauperised; the gentry turned into guardians of the poor, the Government into a gigantic workhouse—that is the present state of Russia." Education, more than anything else, Mr. Hodgetts seems to think, is needed, and he lays emphatic stress on the circumstance that it is moral culture quite as much as intellectual which is demanded. The prospect for the approaching winter is gloomy enough, in spite of the noble endeavours of philanthropy.

"The Book of Trinity College, Dublin, 1591–1891" was compiled in view of the Tercentenary celebrations, which were held in the Irish capital last month. The object of the volume is to place on record, in a convenient form, an historical account of the foundation and growth of the College, the chief incidents which have marked its annals during the three centuries of its existence, and other matters of interest. The earlier chapters of the work describe the circumstances under which the University was established in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; many attempts to accomplish this end had previously been made; indeed, as far back as the year 1311, a movement to found such a seat of learning had been started. Professor Mahaffy, who writes a considerable portion of this book, traces in successive chapters the history of Trinity College, through all the vicissitudes of its fortunes, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of George III. It is a curious fact that there is probably no other library in the world

which has been more indebted to the liberality of soldiers than that of Trinity College, Dublin. The army which defeated the Spaniards at Kinsale in 1601 gave a large sum from their spoil for the purchase of books with which to endow the new college. This circumstance, according to Professor Mahaffy, led the famous James Ussher to search for literary treasures in England, and "laid the foundation for that splendid collection of which the Archbishop's own books formed the next great increase, obtained by the new military donation of Cromwell's soldiers in 1654." Descriptions of the college buildings, past and present, occupy no inconsiderable section of the book; but to the general reader, at least, a much more interesting feature is the account which Mr. Dixon gives of the celebrated men who have been students of Dublin University. It is a proud distinction to be able to claim in this connection Ussher and Swift, Berkeley and Congreve, Goldsmith and Burke, as well as other names of only less renown. Other portions of the book are devoted to an account of the Observatory at Dunsink, by Sir Robert Ball; the treasures of the library, by Dr. Abbott; and a description of the Botanical Gardens and Herbarium, by Dr. Wright. We have said enough to show that this handsome and finely-illustrated volume is of considerable but unequal interest. Each writer appears to have unintentionally ignored the work of the others, and this renders the narrative, brilliant as it is in parts, somewhat uneven and disjointed as a whole.

About eighteen months ago, Lord Justice Fry, at the Royal Institution, discoursed in a lucid manner on the nature and characteristics of "British mosses." Afterwards Sir Edward printed, in an expanded form, his observations on the subject in the columns of a scientific journal, and he has now reprinted his contributions to *Knowledge* in the shape of a modest illustrated manual of seventy pages. Lord Bacon thought that a moss, to quote his own words, was "but a rudiment between putrefaction and a herb"; Sir Edward Fry, on the contrary, declares it to be a delicate and "exquisitely organised plant." In this volume he makes plain every aspect of his subject, and it would not be easy to name any recent work of the kind which is more justly entitled to rank as science made easy. Whilst strictly scientific in method, the book is popular—in the best sense of a much-abused term—in style, and anyone who reads it with the least intelligence or care will find a new avenue of enjoyment opened to them in connection with a country ramble.

The dainty little pocket-books known as the "Climbers' Guides" require no recommendation to the special public—Alpine enthusiasts—to which they appeal. The two volumes which lie before us, the "Central Alps of the Dauphiny," and the "Lepontine Alps," are admirable examples of the best kind of guide-book. They are written for practical climbers, and they abound in exact information, explicit details, and give in small compass precisely the kind of knowledge which a man cares to carry about with him when he is prepared to thread the passes and to ascend the hills in light marching order. Members of the Alpine Club ought not to overlook these choice but diminutive guide-books. They are written with care, knowledge, and skill, and convey an amazing number of facts in remarkably little space.

The Low Countries in these days of quick travel are easy of access, and no man need wish for a more pleasant holiday than that which presents itself in a leisurely ramble through quaint and picturesque cities and towns great in historical association, rich in architectural interest, and full of art treasures. This pocket-companion abounds in explicit information of a practical kind concisely worded.

Canon Ainger's edition of "Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare" was first added to the "Golden Treasury" group of books fourteen years ago, and since then it has been reprinted four or five times. It now appears in the cheap re-issue of that charming series of standard books; but we are sorry to see that the title-page is still disfigured with a certainly uninspired and very inappropriate picture. Otherwise we have nothing but praise for this choice edition of an English classic, which brings on its title-page, in pathetic juxtaposition, the names of "Charles and Mary Lamb." When the book first appeared, in 1807, it was "embellished with copper-plates by Mulready," and it seems a pity that in the present instance one of these original illustrations was not reproduced.

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THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE construction of the Liberal Ministry is now practically completed. As we go to press the list stands as follows:—

First Lord of the Treasury and Privy Seal, Mr. Gladstone; Lord Chancellor, Lord Herschell; Secretary for India and President of the Council, the Earl of Kimberley; Secretary for Foreign Affairs, the Earl of Rosebery; Secretary for the Colonies, the Marquis of Ripon; Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith; Secretary for War, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman; First Lord of the Admiralty, Earl Spencer; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Wm. Harcourt; Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. John Morley; Secretary for Scotland, Sir G. Trevelyan; President of Board of Trade, Mr. Mundella; President of the Local Government Board, Mr. Henry Fowler; Postmaster-General, Mr. A. Morley; Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, Mr. Acland; Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, Mr. Bryce; First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Shaw-Lefevre. (All the preceding Ministers have seats in the Cabinet.) Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Houghton; Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Mr. S. Walker; Junior Lords of the Treasury, Mr. Causton, Mr. W. A. McArthur, and Mr. T. Ellis; Financial Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Hibbert; Patronage Secretary to the Treasury, Mr. Marjoribanks; Secretary to the Admiralty, Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth; Under Secretaries:—Home, Mr. H. Gladstone; Foreign, Sir E. Gray; Colonial, Mr. S. Buxton; War, Lord Sandhurst; India, Mr. G. W. E. Russell; Secretary Board of Trade, Mr. Burt; Secretary Local Government Board, Sir W. Foster; Attorney-General, Sir C. Russell; Solicitor-General, Mr. Rigby; Lord Advocate for Scotland, Mr. J. B. Balfour; Solicitor-General for Scotland, Mr. Asher; Attorney-General for Ireland, The MacDermott; Solicitor-General for Ireland, Serjeant Hemphill; the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Carrington.

WE comment elsewhere upon the character of the Ministry which has thus come into existence. The difficulties in the way of its creation have not been slight, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S strength must have been severely taxed in overcoming them. That some men are not to be found in the foregoing list whose absence is both a surprise and a disappointment is indisputable and inevitable. The material at the Prime Minister's disposal was so rich that it was impossible to find places for all who might fairly have considered themselves entitled to office. But, taken as a whole, the Government must be regarded as one of exceptional strength. New ideas and new forces are represented by new men; whilst there is plenty of the stiff backing which Ministries acquire from the presence of men of large and varied official experience. That five gentlemen should now enter the Cabinet for the first time, that the great post of Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland should have gone to so young and able a man as LORD HOUGHTON, and that the new Whips should be men so thoroughly representative of the different sections of the party as MR. MARJORIBANKS, MR. CAUSTON, MR. W. A. MCARTHUR, and MR. T. ELLIS, are all matters upon which we may fairly congratulate ourselves, and which give good promise for the future of MR. GLADSTONE'S fourth Administration. It is manifestly framed with a view to the carrying out of the recognised programme of the party.

By far the most conspicuous name omitted from the list of the new Ministers is that of MR. LABOUCHERE. In common with most Liberals, we regret very much that one who has worked with such conspicuous zeal and ability for the furtherance of Liberal principles should not have been invited to

take part in the direct administration of the national affairs. What reasons of "high State policy" have prevented MR. LABOUCHERE'S inclusion in the Government we do not pretend to say; but they must have been of an imperative character before MR. GLADSTONE consented to omit his name from his list. With MR. LABOUCHERE himself we do not pretend to condole on the loss of office. The position he already occupies is one of so much power, and at the same time of so much freedom, that to most persons it will seem that he would have made a change for the worse if he had consented to accept any but a place of the first importance in the Ministry. Rich, powerful, and independent, with a standing of his own in the country, with the absolute command of a popular journal of large circulation, with an almost unrivalled knowledge of the inner life of the House of Commons, and a great gift in the art of giving practical effect to the desires and schemes of other men, he would have lost far more than he would have gained if he had taken office. It is certain that his exclusion from the Ministry is not intended in any sense as a personal slight, and does not indicate any forgetfulness of the services he has rendered to his party during the past six years. It will not therefore, we trust, in any way affect his loyalty to the principles he professes, or his co-operation with the great instrument by means of which those principles can alone be practically applied. Many a man can serve his party and the State better as a private member than as a Minister, and MR. LABOUCHERE, we trust, will show that he is of this class.

COMPARISONS are odious, but really we are entitled to make comparisons between the new holders of some of the offices in the Ministry and their immediate predecessors. If anyone wishes to realise the vastness of the change in the occupancy of the Home Office, for example, he has but to contrast MR. HENRY MATTHEWS'S speech at Birmingham on Wednesday with that delivered last week in the House of Commons by MR. ASQUITH. It is no slight advantage to the latter that he should be called to follow a man whose administration of his office was, to speak plainly, a disgrace to the Ministry of which he was a member. The bungling of MR. MATTHEWS led to the cruel and unprovoked police outrage in Trafalgar Square, whilst his callous indifference to public opinion, and even to the ordinary sentiments of humanity, was strikingly exemplified by the manner in which he dealt with the sentences submitted to him for revision. MR. ASQUITH, we may rest assured, will manage this department of his work on a different system from that adopted by his predecessor, and will not turn the Royal Prerogative of mercy which is vested in him into a mere sham. As for MR. MATTHEWS himself, we see that he has now completed the circle of political inconsistency. The man who was once the friend and champion of the Fenians of Dungarvan, on Wednesday bragged of the special favour shown him by his Sovereign, and impudently condoled with her on the hardship of the position in which she has been involved by the change of Ministry. It is to be hoped that Her Majesty knows how to appreciate properly loyalty of this description.

LORD ROSEBERY'S acceptance of the Foreign Office has given general satisfaction, not only in this country but throughout Europe. There was

some doubt a week ago as to whether he could return to official life, for the state of his health is unfortunately not satisfactory, and he himself would have preferred repose to the tumult of official and Parliamentary life. Happily, his loyalty to Mr. GLADSTONE has prevailed over all other considerations, and he has resumed his old place at the Foreign Office. He has resumed it, too, unpledged on any particular question. The knotty problem of Egypt, for example, has not been made the subject of any bargain between the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister. That problem must be dealt with in due time, and LORD ROSEBURY'S opinion regarding it must of necessity have great weight. But it is, of course, the Cabinet as a whole that forms decisions upon such questions as the continuance of the English occupation of the Delta. As to other questions of foreign policy, we believe that it will be found that there is no breach in the continuity of our relations with the Continental Powers. The greatest of English interests is still, as it has long been, the interest of peace. LORD SALISBURY committed not a few mistakes whilst he was at the Foreign Office, but upon the whole he strove consistently to maintain the peace of Europe. In this respect, at all events, he will have a faithful imitator in LORD ROSEBURY.

THE list of honours distributed by LORD SALISBURY on his retirement from office is characteristic of the worst side of the late Administration. MR. HUXLEY is made a Privy Councillor, it is true, and everybody will admit that he is entitled to that honour; but, except his, no name of note, and hardly one of even average excellence, is found among the eight peerages, twelve baronetcies, eight knightships, and five Privy Councillorships to which LORD SALISBURY secured the Queen's assent before his removal from office. Party or personal services of a more or less valuable kind represent the merits of all these fortunate gentlemen.

THE news from Afghanistan, which at the end of last week combined with the fall in silver to depress Indian securities, has now assumed a less serious character. The proposed mission to the Ameer, headed by LORD ROBERTS—nominally to delimit the frontiers, especially in the north-east, really to reassure our ally as to his true interests—has been agreed to by that potentate, but the date of its reception postponed until after the suppression of the Hazara rebellion. This fixes it for October next, or else for the Greek Kalends. But the postponement has apparently been received in India with a certain feeling of relief. The Usbeg rising is over, and the Hazara rebellion seems likely to be put down at an early date.

SCARCELY has the labour war in Western Pennsylvania come to an end when fresh troubles have arisen, this time among the railway men of Western New York and the miners of Eastern Tennessee. The latter have risen, in their own interests, against the infamous system of leasing convict labour to private employers which disgraces some of the more backward States of the Union, and is presumably a relic of the pre-Revolutionary time when criminals and political prisoners—for instance, MONMOUTH'S followers—were sold into slavery overseas by the English Government. Two bodies of convicts have been released, in one case after a pitched battle with their guards involving considerable bloodshed, and the State militia are under arms. But it is hardly probable that in that mountainous region the revolt can be speedily suppressed or the convicts recaptured. In Western New York the switchmen of all the great railways, including the New York Central, have struck, and the movement is spreading westwards to Chicago. Freight trains are blocked, derailed, and set on fire, and thirteen thousand militia have been called out. However,

the New York Central has had experience and success in dealing with strikers no less than with piratical capitalists. In the nature of things, a general railway strike at a busy time of year cannot possibly secure public sympathy; and it is hardly likely that the population of the district will look patiently on a movement which not only blocks all their communications with the rest of the world (except the Erie Canal), but the very streets of their cities. New switchmen are at work: and though the men on the Lake Shore—another Vanderbilt line—have joined the strikers, it is not anticipated that the troubles will last long.

EARLY in the week the great operators in New York made a strong effort to raise prices. For fully two years they have been buying American railroad securities on a very large scale from European holders, who had been eagerly selling. Their expectation was that the European sales were induced by the crisis and that after a while Europe would buy back at higher prices. But as European investors are not buying back, the American holders are becoming anxious, and at the beginning of the week they thought the time favourable for trying to restore confidence in Europe. The attempt, however, utterly broke down, partly because of the continued gold shipments, partly because of the fall in silver, which is increasing anxiety all over the Union, and partly because of the strikes on so many important railways. On the other hand, the Continental Bourses continue wonderfully strong. In Paris the price of the 3 per cent. Rentes on Thursday went to 99 $\frac{3}{4}$, and most other Government securities were very high likewise. Yet there is a very general feeling that prices are entirely too high, that there must after a while be a considerable break, and that the great speculators and great bankers are only able to support the market just now because money is so exceptionally abundant and cheap. Home railway stocks, too, are somewhat higher. Speculators sold a short time ago in the belief that investors would be disappointed by the dividends and would sell. They were wrong, and now are buying back, and sending prices higher than before.

THE price of silver has fluctuated a good deal this week. It rose on Tuesday as high as 38 $\frac{5}{16}$ d. per oz., but fell on Thursday once more to 37 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., which is the lowest quotation yet recorded. Naturally the uneasiness in the City continues. Rumours have been circulated of houses and institutions connected with the East, and no doubt it is probable that some failures will occur; indeed, it is not reasonable to suppose that so great a depreciation of the money of the Far East can take place without inflicting ruinous losses upon many. Unfortunately, too, the losses are inflicted very often without any fault on the part of the sufferers. Anxiety is not confined to the Far East, however; there is also much apprehension that gold may go to a premium in the United States, and that the currency of that great country may be gravely disordered. It is noteworthy that gold continues to be exported from New York in large amounts even now. Usually at this time of the year loanable capital becomes scarce and dear in New York, and the tendency is rather for gold to be imported than exported. But this year gold is going all through August, and if it continues to go, it is well calculated to increase alarm and perhaps to precipitate a crisis. Although trade continues depressed, and there is no speculation or new enterprise, the rate of discount in the open market in London has risen to one per cent., and the desire is to force it even higher. It is doubtful, however, whether it can be carried farther unless apprehension increases. If it does, then there may be a very sharp advance in rates; but as long as the present feeling continues—a feeling of uneasiness and apprehension, but not of immediate danger—it is doubtful whether much further rise can be effected.

MR. GLADSTONE'S GOVERNMENT.

MR. GLADSTONE has now completed the formation of his fourth Government, and a very wonderful piece of work it is which he has thus accomplished. When one remembers how complicated, how delicate, and how difficult is the task of forming an Administration and then reflects upon Mr. Gladstone's age, it is impossible not to feel that this, after all, is almost the greatest achievement of the veteran's life. Only those who are near the innermost ring of the political world at such a time as that through which we have just passed can have any real conception of the amount of labour that is involved in forming a Government. It is the duty of the Prime Minister to select those whom he thinks fit to share in the direct government of the country. He has half a hundred offices to dispose of, and at least twice as many men who not only think themselves entitled to a place, but who have fair reason for doing so. To discriminate between the various candidates for office, to resist the importunate, and not to forget the modest, to estimate character truly, and to give due weight to past services—all this involves an amount of labour which almost passes conception. Then there are the letters which must be written—so etiquette prescribes—by the Prime Minister's own hand, to the men he chooses, and the letters (far more difficult) which must be written to those who, having served him once, he is now, for some imperious reason, compelled to pass by. Even in the fulness of his vigour Mr. Gladstone was wont to declare that the task which tried him most was that of forming a Government. One may well believe that he will leave town to-day for Hawarden with a thankful heart, grateful for the fact that the most difficult and in a certain sense the most odious of all the duties of the high office he has accepted has been accomplished.

The result is before the world, and already judgment is being passed upon it. It is not perfect (what work of man can claim to be?); but, upon the whole, it seems to us that Mr. Gladstone has succeeded excellently. No doubt some men are absent from the list whom most of us would have wished to see there; and others are present for whose presence it is difficult to account. That has been the case with every Ministry that has yet been formed in this country. But, taking the new Government as a whole, it promises admirably. It will certainly compare well with that which immediately preceded it. If there is in it a due proportion of those seasoned and experienced statesmen whom the irreverent have seen fit to christen "the old gang," there is also plenty of new blood, plenty of youth, vigour, and talent. We refer elsewhere to some new men who have been admitted to the Cabinet. They cannot be called inferior in capacity to any of the men of corresponding position in Lord Salisbury's Administration. To us it seems, indeed, that they are distinctly superior. And if we go beyond the Cabinet, we see that not only new blood, but new ideas, have found lodgment within the Government. The Ministry as a whole is strong—not only on the side of pure politics, but on the side of social politics also. It represents fairly well all sections of the Liberal party, and it should be able to hold its own—not merely in debating power, but in administrative capacity—with any Government of recent times. The "surprise" appointments about which so many foolish remarks have been made in the newspapers are really no surprises to those who have had the means of knowing what was going on at the headquarters of Liberalism. And almost every appointment bears the stamp of Mr. Gladstone's own hand. He may not be able to say "Alone I did it"; but it is unquestionable that he, more than any other man

or than all other men combined, is responsible for the composition of the Ministry. It is Mr. Gladstone's Government, in a very special and important sense.

And now that we have a Liberal Government once more installed in office, what is its character and what is the work to which it is to commit itself? It is, in the first place, a distinctly Home Rule Government. It is clear that Mr. Gladstone has tolerated no man within its ranks whose loyalty to the cause of Ireland is open to doubt. Therein he has acted with wisdom as well as with a high regard for his own honour. Whatever grumblers may maintain, the new House of Commons was elected primarily for the purpose of carrying Home Rule. That is its chief and its most pressing business. Again and again in these pages, in the dark days from which we have emerged, we have sought to drive from the hearts of the Irish people the doubts—not quite unnatural—which some of them entertained as to the good faith of the Liberal party on this question. There is no need to resort to any arguments for this purpose now. We have but to point to the composition of the Ministry in order to make it clear that Mr. Gladstone has never for a moment wavered in his resolve that, if he should ever return to power, it should be for the purpose of settling the great and much vexed question to the solution of which he has consecrated the remainder of his days. In the coming autumn—when Mr. Morley and Lord Houghton are coping with the serious problems of Irish administration, and are removing the leaden weights of coercion which have pressed so heavily for six years upon the people of the sister country—Mr. Gladstone will be engaged in elaborating the details of his new Home Rule Bill. Not till the winter will it be seen even by the members of his Cabinet. But in the coming spring it will be duly presented to Parliament, and pressed forward with all the energy of which Ministers and their supporters are capable. Next Session must of necessity be to a large extent an Irish Session, but it will be the fault of the House of Lords, and not of Her Majesty's Ministers, if it is not the last Irish Session we shall have to face for a long time to come. The great fact with which we have to deal for the moment, however, is the absolute fidelity which the Prime Minister is showing to the pledges he has given both to Irishmen and Britons on the subject of Home Rule. Not even the most suspicious of the men who serve under the flag of Mr. Redmond can profess to believe that there is any danger of the shelving of the Irish Question by the present Government.

But an Irish Session is not, and ought not to be, entirely Irish. There are great gaps of time in the passing of any Bill, however important and complicated, through Parliament, and of these advantage ought to be taken next year for the purpose of carrying measures for England and Scotland. The Registration Bill, as we have pointed out more than once, ought to have precedence of every other measure apart from Home Rule. And the Parish Councils Bill ought certainly to be brought forward next Session, and, if possible, carried. Nor is there any good reason why they cannot be carried. Let anyone turn to the legislation, say, of 1870, and see how such measures as the Education Act and the Ballot Act were carried alongside of the Irish Land Bill, and he will no longer doubt the reasonableness of the demand we are making. Mr. Fowler should have plenty of work on his hands next Session. To him, next to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, will the chief burden of legislative duty be allotted, and we do not doubt that he will have ample opportunity of showing his powers as a law-maker, as well as an administrator,

before another year has passed. We have never advocated the crowding of legislation upon the House of Commons. It is not a wise thing to introduce measures one year in order to postpone them to another. But England and Scotland have imperative claims which must be recognised. Wales, too, has its own questions demanding solution; and Irishmen, who would justly have complained if any attempt had been made to put their great problem in the background, will, we are sure, be among the first to admit that, so long as good faith is shown towards them, the representatives of Great Britain have a right to do the best they can for their own country, and to count upon Irish assistance in doing it. With a strong Government founded upon fidelity to pledges and principles, and supported by a united party, we may fairly anticipate that next year will be rich in useful and progressive legislation for the United Kingdom as a whole.

SOME NEW MEN.

MR. FOWLER is certainly not a new man, nor is Mr. Bryce. But as both are new in the category of Cabinet Ministers they call for some notice in the present article. Of Mr. Fowler's special qualities the country now knows a good deal. He has spoken many times at public meetings during the recent election, and everywhere he has spoken with distinguished success. His stirring eloquence, his clear marshalling of facts and figures, his occasional flights into the higher regions of oratory, the vigour and persistency with which he presses home the points he raises against an adversary, have all secured for him widespread recognition as one of the most popular of the Liberal leaders. There are many parts of the country where, in power of "drawing" an audience, he runs second only to Mr. Gladstone, and a very good second too. But great as has been his influence in the country, it is in the House of Commons that he has made his power most distinctly felt. He did admirably as Secretary to the Treasury during the short-lived 1886 Administration, so admirably that he was admitted to the Privy Council after only a few months of office; and in the late Parliament he was recognised as one of the most capable men on the front Opposition bench, a man who was not only to be relied upon in an emergency, but who could be trusted when necessary to acquit himself brilliantly. An excellent business man and a good administrator, he is certain to make a success of the very difficult and arduous work which he must take in hand at the Local Government Board, and the only thing to be regretted in connection with his appointment is the fact that the emoluments and official dignity of his office are based rather upon its past than upon its present importance. In every other respect it must be reckoned, for the purposes of the present Parliament, as being inferior in responsibility and difficulty only to the Irish Office itself.

Mr. Bryce is of a different type from Mr. Fowler. In him the scholar and the literary man are blended happily with the politician and the statesman. His brilliant university career was succeeded by a career in authorship no less brilliant and successful, and that in turn has been followed by a political career which has brought him very quickly to the front rank and to the Cabinet. Eminently sensible and judicious, with a large knowledge of historical precedent and example, and a knowledge not inferior of current politics, he will be able to give invaluable aid in council. Perhaps it is for this special quality of his that he has been assigned to an office the labours of which are not calculated to weigh too heavily upon a man who

is still in the prime of life, to whom mountaineering is even now a favourite mode of recreation, and a walk over a glacier a common form of before-breakfast exercise. At all events, we may be sure that with Mr. Bryce in the Cabinet "thorough" will be the motto of the debates upon all the questions submitted to that august body.

Mr. Asquith is the hero of the hour, the "fortunate youth" upon whom have been showered the good things of life in an almost alarming profusion. To him it has happened to awake one morning and find himself famous, and to re-awake another and find himself translated from a simple barrister into a Secretary of State. No doubt the brilliant and remarkable promotion he has received is an experiment. But it is an experiment the result of which all who know him anticipate with confidence. The cool-headed, eminently far-seeing young Yorkshireman is not one of those who lose their self-possession under a sudden accession of fortune's favours. It is not by mere gifts of eloquence, fine and generous as these are, that Mr. Asquith has won the great place he holds in the confidence of the leading men of the day. His Parliamentary work may appear to some to have been slight, though brilliant; but in private and professional life, as well as in politics, he has succeeded in establishing for himself a reputation which satisfies those who know him best that he can hold his own even among the foremost men of his time, and that in him a recruit has been found for the front rank of British statesmanship. Every generous person will wish well to the new Home Secretary, who starts with the distinct advantage of having many friends and no enemies, and with the further advantage of following a gentleman whose career at the Home Office has been the reverse of a success. That Mr. Asquith is a great master of speech everybody knows; that he is eminently wise in council is known to the few who have had the privilege of associating with him, and that he will be capable and vigorous in administration will be confidently anticipated by most.

Lord Houghton's appointment to the Lord-Lieutenancy seems to be a surprise which has thrown certain London journalists off their balance. Who is he? What has he done? are the questions they ask, thereby betraying the fact that they know little or nothing of the current talk of society. For some years past it has been clear to the initiated that Lord Houghton was destined to take a great place in the public life of his country if his health permitted. Two terrible bereavements falling in quick succession upon him—the loss of his wife and of his only son—followed by a serious illness, drove him for a time from social life. He employed his enforced leisure in producing a volume of poems worthy in their grace, humour, and refinement of his father's son, and showing signs of a deeper insight into human nature than the world credited Monckton Milnes with possessing. But he was by no means idle even in those times in political life. He had represented the Board of Trade in the House of Lords during the 1886 Administration—his devotion to Home Rule and to Liberalism generally being ardent and above suspicion. In the last Parliament he did admirable work upon the Railway Rates Committee and other similar bodies. In Yorkshire he is as popular as his father was before him, which is saying much. Though he has spoken little in Parliament, he can speak with distinct power and even eloquence. Though a poet and a man of letters, inheriting all his father's love for the best literature, he is at the same time an admirable man of business, and capable of sustained and severe work. His interest in politics is real, and dates from his youth, and few men have studied more closely that great problem

of Ireland with which he is about to deal. In mental power he will rank with the best of the younger men in the House of Commons, whilst in grace of manner and bearing he is more than equal to the task of sustaining the more courtly traditions of the office he is about to fill. Here, again, is an experiment from which all acquainted with the facts anticipate the best results. Indeed, Lord Houghton only requires to be known by the outer public as he is already known to those acquainted with the inner circle in politics and society, in order to be regarded generally as an ideal Lord-Lieutenant—not by any means a lay figure, but a loyal and capable coadjutor with Mr. Morley in a task of the very gravest responsibility and delicacy. We ought not to close our brief sketch of him without a reference to his grandfather, the remarkable man long known as “Single Speech Milnes,” who at five-and-twenty years of age was offered the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and a seat in the Cabinet by Mr. Perceval, and who had the courage to refuse the offer.

THE NEWCASTLE ELECTION.

WHILE the rest of us, weary of strife, have been engaged in the unprofitable amusement of Cabinet-making, the electors of Newcastle have had another call to arms, to which they have gallantly responded. There is every sign that the fight will be as fierce as the circumstances are unique. The unexpected return of Alderman Hamond by a majority of nearly 3,000 has encouraged the Unionists with the hope that Mr. Pandeli Ralli will repeat the triumph, and they are straining every nerve to win. Mr. Morley's friends are alive to the danger. The adverse majority of July has thoroughly roused them; and though there is no longer any feeling of over-confidence, they have good hope. They say that Mr. Hamond was a peculiar candidate (as indeed he was); that Mr. Ralli is a stranger without any personal following; that there is a revulsion of feeling in favour of Mr. Morley; and that Newcastle has already grown ashamed of itself. Be this as it may, if electioneering vigour can do it, they mean to save their city—hitherto steadfast in its Liberalism—from the disgrace of sending Mr. Ralli to join Mr. Hamond in Parliament.

In general it is an ungracious thing to force a newly appointed Minister to fight for his seat. But if this election were being fairly fought on political lines, nobody would complain of the Unionist effort to wrest the seat from Mr. Morley. This, however, is not a contest on political lines, but a personal attack. The bond which unites Mr. Ralli's supporters is not Unionism or any other political creed, but a frantic desire to keep Mr. Morley out. It would be hard to say whether their motives or their methods are the more discreditable. In a straight party fight Mr. Morley would not be in any danger at all. That Mr. Hamond's extraordinary poll of 13,823—nearly 4,000 above his poll of February, 1886, when he last opposed Mr. Morley, and more than 4,000 above the poll at the General Election in 1886 of so strong a candidate as Sir William Armstrong—fairly represents the Unionist strength in Newcastle is simply incredible. Forces far stronger than fear of Home Rule must have brought to Mr. Hamond thousands of votes that were never his before. We should find it difficult to decide which of them contributed most to his triumph. Was it admiration for his pluck in coming forward again after having already six times fought for the seat? or his own carefully

nursed popularity with the less worthy of the Newcastle working men? or the seven hundred public-houses of the city, nearly all of which were said to have become electioneering agencies for him? Or was it the support of Mr. Joseph Cowen, the Home Ruler and incorruptible Radical of old days, whom disappointment has turned into the candid friend of Liberalism and the pillar of Toryism in the North? or the personal abuse which was showered in streams on Mr. Morley's head? or the resentment of Labour at Mr. Morley's refusal to stand on the Eight Hours plank? All these forces were at work, and all of them, save such as were due to Mr. Hamond's personal charm, are at work now. For the most part they are forces against which the gods themselves would fight in vain. If any considerable body of the electors care to allow the publicans to lead them by the nose, or believe, as some are actually saying, that Mr. Morley has taken up politics for the sake of office and salary, or imagine that in blindly following Mr. Cowen in his railings at the Caucus they are upholding any political principle whatsoever, then there is nothing more to be said. Argument will not touch men who care for nothing in politics save what is ignoble and small.

But the attitude of the Labour party is another matter. In their case, at least, an appeal to reason should be possible. They claim to have given Mr. Hamond his majority, and to have Mr. Morley's fate in their hands. Perhaps this is true. Their number is greatly exaggerated, but no doubt they can influence many of the unattached electors by persuading them that Mr. Morley is the enemy of their cause. If he is defeated, they will be entitled to the satisfaction of knowing that it is largely their doing. And a greater disservice to the cause of Labour it is not in their power to render. In saying this, we are not viewing the question with party spectacles. If the Labour party can show how in any conceivable way they will benefit by defeating Mr. Morley, by all means let them speak and canvass and vote for Mr. Ralli. How will they benefit? They run the risk of alienating from them those who at present are ready to join with them, but who hold that Home Rule is the first and most urgent of questions. Even if they are willing to ignore the claim which Ireland has on the English people, can they afford to excite the hostility of every Irish Nationalist both in England and in Ireland? Will an Eight Hours Act be brought any nearer by Mr. Ralli's return? He will not help them to it. At Gateshead he was against it; and if, driven by the necessity of the occasion, he now studiously avoids any frank declaration, and in his election address hints that he may favour a restriction of the hours of labour—if, as one of his supporters says, he is “greatly disposed to consider the question,” we give the Labour party credit for being able to treat such unworthy wobbling as it deserves. But they say that it is not Mr. Ralli's return that they care for; it is Mr. Morley's defeat. And who is urging them to consider Mr. Morley's defeat as a triumph for labour? Not Mr. Burns, or Mr. Mann, or Mr. Davitt. It is Mr. Keir Hardie, sent to Parliament by Home Rule votes, and, notwithstanding the boasts of his immediate following, with the aid of the Liberal organisation, who is laying down the law as if he held Newcastle in the hollow of his hand. Mr. Morley, it seems, must be got rid of “because he is the only powerful representative of the individualistic school of politics in the present House of Commons.” And again, to quote from Mr. Hardie's interview with the London *Daily Chronicle*: “But for the individualistic school of politics, of which Mr. Morley is the one strong champion left, the unemployed problem would speedily disappear.

His teachings lead up to and have for their development such scenes as were recently enacted at Carnegie's works at Pittsburg." With all respect for the constituency of South-West Ham, we venture to think that this is deplorable folly. Mr. Keir Hardie has yet to learn many things both about the unemployed problem and Mr. Morley; and if he cares to pursue the subject he will find that Mr. Morley is no more a representative or champion of the individualistic school of politics than he is himself. The opinions of no man are more clearly on record than are those of Mr. Morley, and none outside or inside the Labour party has more steadfastly, consistently, or courageously fought in the cause of Labour. To secure to the labourer that full legal right of combination which is now his chief protection, to make impossible in England such scenes as were recently enacted at Pittsburg, was a great and arduous work—how great and arduous the men of this generation hardly realise; and in that work Mr. Morley, facing unpopularity then as he does to-day, did as much as any man now living. He has not confined himself to the removal of restrictions. Long ago he answered the question whether the relations between Labour and Capital can be left to the unfettered play of individual competition by declaring that "the answer of modern statesmanship is that unfettered individual competition is not a principle to which the regulation of industry may be entrusted." That position he took up before he entered politics, and as a politician he has never receded from it. He has never shrunk from applying the principle that the power of the State can be used for the protection of the weak against the strong. Save on the Eight Hours Bill, he is ready to support every measure in the Radical programme, and even on the Eight Hours Bill the extent of his opposition has been greatly exaggerated. If the Newcastle electors vote against him as an individualist willing to see things left to the blind law of competition, they will vote under an inexcusable delusion.

The Labour party may drive Mr. Morley out of public life. If they succeed he will find consolation elsewhere, but English politics will be the poorer. In the cloud of uncertainty which hangs over the industrial future, our security is not in those who, with more or less intolerance, urge this or that remedy as the cure for all social evils, but on men who can be trusted to view every question as it arises with an open mind, with fulness of sympathy for the labourer, with knowledge of the difficulties to be overcome, men who, while remembering that the cause of the labourer is the cause of the people, will never shrink from looking facts in the face, and will go straight, even at the risk of unpopularity. A man of this stamp the Newcastle electors have before them. They have a great opportunity and a great duty. They will maintain the high standard of public life, and restore the fair fame of their constituency, if they repel the unworthy attack which has been made on Mr. Morley.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES OF 1892.

THE period of the Naval Manœuvres ended on Monday, and numerous critics will now proceed to analyse the proceedings, each after his kind. The voluble coterie which regards the torpedo-boat as the great factor of modern war will discover fresh evidence in support of its theorising. The more sober thinkers, who regard the new weapon without alarm, will arrive at opposite conclusions. The

influential champions of the submarine mine will find new grounds for their faith. The believers in countermining as a practical operation will point triumphantly to results achieved where the gun was restricted to noise and smoke. The public will probably expect definite lessons and the solution of important problems. All alike will be right—and wrong.

Manœuvres provide teaching of the most valuable kind, but they cannot settle the vexed questions of the day. If the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, or the *Kearsage* and the *Alabama* had been limited to blank cartridge, what definite conclusions could possibly have been arrived at from their engagements? Who could have correctly judged a mimic Lissa? In all that relates to organisation, to naval combinations, to the handling of squadrons and of individual ships previous to contact, to scouting and patrolling duty, such manœuvres as those recently carried out are full of instruction. The game played upon a chart falls infinitely short of that lately enacted upon the waters of the Irish Sea. The one is a mere mental exercise, the other trains and tests many of the qualities which bring success in war. You may force yourself, German-like, to studiously engage in the one; the other will force you to recognise its serious aspects.

The "general idea" of the manœuvres of 1892 will be easily understood. The coast-line of Ireland was divided into two nearly equal portions, of which the eastern was assigned to the enemy (Blue), while the western belonged to the national force (Red). The latter disposed of two strong squadrons based on Killary Bay and Berehaven respectively, and also of a covering force operating from Milford Haven. The enemy was weaker in ships than either of the Red squadrons, but was provided with a flotilla of twenty-one torpedo-boats. The Red forces were to effect a junction in the Irish Sea, which the enemy might impede or prevent. Thus powerful squadrons, divided at the outset of war, were to seek to unite and to manœuvre in narrow waters capable of being swept by a torpedo-boat flotilla numerically strong in proportion to the length of the coast-line from which it could operate.

War was declared by telegraph from the Admiralty on the 5th inst.; but reconnoitring by cruisers was previously allowed. The two Red squadrons steamed slowly round into the Irish Sea, that from Killary Bay, under Admiral Fairfax, passing to the south, while the Berehaven force, under Admiral Fitzroy, went north. The Blue squadron, directed by Admiral St. John from Queenstown, had been collected in Belfast Lough, where it had entrenched itself behind a line of mines to await events. Two Red cruisers, having rashly attempted to pass through the North Channel on the morning of the 7th inst., were caught by the Blue scouts off the Mull of Cantyre and claimed as captured. On the early morning of the 9th, Admiral Fitzroy's squadron arrived in the North Channel, and, sweeping down near the Ayrshire coast, drove the Blues behind their mines. That night, however, the four second-class cruisers of the Blue squadron made their escape, and, passing north near the Irish coast, safely pursued their way into the Atlantic. On the same evening the two Red squadrons effected their junction near the Isle of Man, and on the morning of the 10th the whole of Admiral Fitzroy's force attacked the Blue vessels in Belfast Lough, and ran a line of countermines. On the following morning, this force stood in to the Lough and claimed the surrender of the enemy.

Such, in brief, was the course of the operation:—

already characterised as a "ludicrous fiasco" by a correspondent who did not see them. The results attained by the Blue torpedo-boats, which on several occasions were dashingy handled, have yet to be adjudged by the Inquisitors sitting at Portsmouth. From the first it was evident that the Blue squadron was hopelessly overmatched, and the advocates of the torpedo-boats quickly proclaimed that there was a deliberate attempt to handicap their action. Nothing of the kind was ever contemplated. It is difficult to see how the presence of a greater supporting force could have facilitated their success. The torpedo-boat does not well adapt itself to fleet operations, and must usually wage nocturnal war in company with its fellows. The lightness of the August nights told both against it and for it—on the one hand, hindering its unobserved approach, on the other hand, enabling the would-be prey to be marked down. The sea, on the whole, was favourable. If the rules of the game as regards torpedo-boats could be accepted as approximating to the conditions of war, the results adjudged would not unfairly represent the maximum attainable under the circumstances. All rules are, however, naturally open to dispute; and it is in the handling of the boats, in their success in finding the target and in hitting it, that the principal lessons of the manœuvres will be found.

The handling of the Blue squadron is open to criticism; but the circumstances were unpropitious. Although, for reasons well understood, a weak force was allotted by the Admiralty to Admiral St. John, it is evident that they never anticipated that he would elect to command a fleet of seventeen ships and a powerful torpedo-boat flotilla from his house at Queenstown. Nor was it to be expected that the inferior force would choose such a hopelessly indefensible position as Belfast Lough. Whatever decision may be arrived at by the umpires, there can be no doubt that the Blue squadron courted, and must have brought upon itself, absolute destruction at the hands of Admiral Fitzroy. The misuse and the dangers of fortification have received a fresh illustration. While the game was thus gratuitously simplified for the Reds, it is significant that the Blue cruisers appear to have escaped without detection, and that the attempt to send two detached vessels in narrow waters across the front of a hostile force entailed the necessary result.

Not the least of the lessons of the manœuvres of 1892 is the desirability of a careful selection of admirals. It is not given to everyone who attains a specified rank to adequately command a large fleet, and the maximum of instruction can be obtained only by the infusion of genius into the direction of mimic warfare.

HARVEST PROSPECTS.

DURING the past two months there has been a marked improvement in the cereal crops at home and upon the Continent generally. The winter and spring were very unfavourable, and at the beginning of summer it looked as if the harvest would be later and worse than for many years past; and as prices were exceedingly low, farmers' prospects were anything but satisfactory. During the past two months, however, there has been much improvement, and now the probability is that, though the harvest will be somewhat late, it will, speaking generally, be nearly up to the average throughout Western Europe and in the United States. At home wheat promises to be a full average crop on the heavier soils, but it is very thin on the lighter. Altogether, it will be considerably under the average,

in all likelihood, and it will be even shorter than last year. According to a report published by the *Times* on Wednesday of last week the condition on the 1st of August was 91·3 against 97·6 at the corresponding date last year, 100 representing an average yield. It is pointed out, however, that it is difficult to fix upon a figure that will correctly represent the condition all over the country, so great is the difference in different parts. It is also observed that there may be a great change during the current month. In the first place, the crop is later than it was last year, and in the second place, August was a very unfavourable month last year, whereas up to the present it is good this year; and if the weather should continue dry and hot until harvesting is completed, the yield may be better than anyone could look for when the report was being drawn up. Bearing all this in mind, it may still be said that the harvest will probably be later than last year, and the yield somewhat less, and that in any case the return will be under the average. In France the winter and spring were even severer than at home, and the outlook consequently was worse at the beginning of the summer. But since then the weather has been even more favourable than at home, and it is now said that the yield is very nearly an average; in the south more particularly it is said to be excellent, and, taking the whole country together, it will be decidedly larger than last year. In Austria-Hungary the crop will probably be an average one, as it will also in Germany, Holland, Belgium, and Italy. In Spain much injury has been done by drought and heat. The crop will therefore probably be considerably under the average, taking the whole country together, but in some parts it will be very good. In the United States the winter wheat crop will be very large, while the spring crop will not be quite so good as it was expected to be. Altogether, the yield is estimated at about 515,000,000 bushels, which is a full average, though considerably under the extraordinary yield of last year. Respecting Russia, it is yet impossible to speak with any certainty; the reports are conflicting. All that is known is that in some districts the yield will be very deficient, and in others fairly good.

So far as the general public is concerned, then, the outlook is very satisfactory at present. There will be an average yield taking the whole world together, and there does not seem likely to be any great failure in any country. The only country, indeed, as to which doubt is still entertained is Russia. That the area sown there is short hardly admits of a doubt, for the grants from Imperial and private charity could do but very little to replenish the stores which the peasantry had broken into to satisfy the demands of hunger; that the seed was poor in the majority of cases may also be taken as certain, and that the yield will be under the average can scarcely be questioned. But whether there will be actual failure it is impossible to say, or whether, therefore, there will be a second year of famine. But all other countries taken together will have a full average crop, and consequently the markets of the world will be well supplied throughout the next twelve months, and prices, therefore, will be low. At the present time the price of wheat seems, for all that, to be lower than it ought to be. It is 9s. 9d. per quarter lower than at this time last year, and indeed it is lower than at the same date for the past four years. Yet traders show no eagerness to buy, and the opinion in the market is that there will be no recovery in quotations for months to come. In spite of that, it would seem probable that there must be a rise before the year is out. Last year there was actual famine in Russia, and the crops all over Western Europe

were short. It is true there was an extraordinary yield in America, and the countries which export on a smaller scale had also good crops. Still, the probability would appear to be that the exporting countries sent forward in the second half of last year not only an exceptionally large proportion of last year's crop, but also almost the whole of the old stocks held in the granaries. If that be so, there is not in the world at present so large a surplus from past years as there usually is at this date, and the world, consequently, will have to depend more completely upon the present year's growth than it usually does. Although that is probable, persons engaged in the trade have been so much impressed by the experience of last year that they do not dare to buy largely. Twelve months ago everyone thought it was certain that prices until the present harvest must be very high. As a matter of fact, prices began to fall in September, and, as already said, they are lower now than they have been at the same date during the past four years. That being so, merchants and millers fear to speculate. They do not care to lay in large stocks; they are working merely from hand to mouth; and it is reasonably to be presumed that farmers all over the world have likewise been impressed, that they will not hold back their wheat in the hope of a rise in prices, and that, consequently, the markets will be well supplied and exceedingly quiet for some months to come. The outlook, so far as farmers are concerned, then, is not very encouraging. Here at home, for example, they have a smaller crop even than last year—a crop decidedly under the average—and yet for this smaller quantity they are at present being offered a lower price than at the corresponding date for four years.

Unfortunately for them, moreover, the hay crop is also very bad throughout Western Europe. Here at home it is exceptionally bad. It is to be hoped that the aftermath will be good; if not, feed for cattle will be scarce and dear in the winter, and farmers who have suffered owing to the badness of the wheat crop will suffer likewise from the deficiency of the hay crop. Even roots do not look very well just now. According to the *Times* report already referred to, the condition on the 1st August was only 89.7 against 94.6 at the corresponding date last year. There is plenty of time, no doubt, for a great improvement; but if the improvement does not take place and if the aftermath is not good, then cattle farmers will have a trying time during the next twelve months. The oat crop is likewise disappointing. It is somewhat better than at this time last year, the *Times* representing it to be 92.4 against 91.9; but it will be seen that it is considerably under the average. Barley, however, is a very good crop, the best, perhaps, of the year. The *Times* reports the condition as 97.4 against 97.6 twelve months ago, and it adds that the quality is excellent, that a large part of it, therefore, will be fit for malting, and that consequently farmers may hope to get good prices. The potato crop is also good, being represented by the *Times* as 96.9 against 99.1. It is not quite so good as twelve months ago, but still it is not very much under the average, and was said to be improving at the beginning of the month. If disease does not spread there is every prospect of a good yield. However, with the exception of barley and potatoes, none of the crops are good, and prices are low, while the price of wheat is quite unremunerative. We are afraid, then, that to the very end the year 1892 will retain the unpleasant distinction of being one of the worst, so far as farmers are concerned, of recent times. On the other hand, the consumer may count with certainty upon being able to buy on advantageous terms to himself.

CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

AT this season the Continental capitals are either deserted or given up to scientific and philanthropic congresses and fêtes. Europe is perfectly tranquil, and even the change of Ministry among us and the sensational visit of M. Stambouloff to Constantinople have failed as a stimulus to invention on the Continent. Even the needs of the Stock Exchange have produced nothing more startling than fictions as to the refusal of the Foreign Office by Lord Rosebery. Viennese enterprise, accepted in Paris and London, has produced one interesting item of information—the arrangement of a draft treaty of defensive alliance between France and Russia; France ceding to Russia a district on the Red Sea (presumably Obock), and recognising the right of Russia to protect the Abyssinian Church. But this announcement must be referred to what a correspondent last week called the belletristic rather than to the scientific school of history. The activity of Etna is still diminishing, and the cholera, though it is established in St. Petersburg and has just crossed the frontier into Galicia, is apparently not increasing much in Russia. An outbreak of "cholérine" is reported in Northern France, due doubtless partly to the great heat, also prevalent all over Europe.

Of the Congresses, that of Criminal Anthropology at Brussels has been followed by one of economists in the same city, for the promotion of orthodox economics and free trade. British and French firemen have competed with great *éclat* at Havre. The International Parliamentary Congress, for the promotion of peace and arbitration, will meet on Monday week at Berne. Two hundred and ten members of European Parliaments have promised to be present. Four of them are English, seventy-three Roumanian; other nations are represented by members varying from one to twenty-five. The Congress will be entertained at its close at a banquet at Interlaken by the Swiss Federal Council.

A Congress of the French Labour Party is to be held at Marseilles (September 24-28) to which all Socialist municipal councillors throughout France have just been invited by their fellows at Marseilles. It is proposed to pay special attention to the May Day celebrations of next year, and to the General Election, and to organise an agitation in the agricultural districts. MM. Jules Guesde and Lafargue are among the promoters.

The political event of the week in France is the resignation of the Marquis de Breteuil, Royalist Deputy for Tarbes, who has declared to his constituents that though a convinced Monarchist he bows to the direction of the Pope not to oppose the Republic, but that he must leave its support to men whose past will not subject them to suspicion. Thus at the age of forty-three he retires from political life. He has been rather a prominent figure among the Monarchists, and was one of a secret committee of six that co-operated in the Boulangist movement and directed its finance. Some of the Monarchist papers now taunt him with this, and M. Paul de Cassagnac is of course furious with him for not having formally refused to take the Pope's advice, "based as it is on absolute ignorance of the situation." The incident marks a fresh stage in the disorganisation of the Monarchists. The Bonapartist party, meanwhile, from the proceedings at a representative dinner in Paris on Monday, seem likely to fall into Anti-Semitism.

About seven-eighths of the Paris cabmen were on strike on Wednesday. Although they have come out at the direction of a small minority of agitators their grievances are undoubtedly real. They want higher wages and the fulfilment of a recent promise by the cab companies to fix on each vehicle an indicator of the distance traversed and time taken, on which the hire of their cabs would be regulated. An omnibus strike is also expected, a recent reduction

of hours having been accompanied by an increase in the number of journeys taken.

Antwerp on Sunday celebrated a most brilliant and successful fête—the “Landjuweel”—a revival of the literary contests of the later Middle Ages, with the pomp and circumstance attendant on them. A brilliant procession of allegorical groups mounted on cars marched through the city amid thousands of spectators, including the King. Prizes were awarded to the devisers of the most picturesque groups.

Prince Bismarck's advent in the Reichstag, which is now tolerably certain, is looked forward to with a good deal of curiosity. He will certainly serve as a nucleus for a new group of Conservatives and National Liberals—a revival, in fact, of the old Cartell party. Then the Government will be thrown on the Catholic Centre for support, and neither its popularity nor its strength will be thereby increased. Count von Caprivi, it is predicted, will retire, and will be succeeded by Count Eulenburg, a personal enemy of Prince Bismarck. Whatever these predictions may be worth, the Catholic Centre just now have decided to support the Conservative candidate at two impending bye-elections in Silesia.

In default of news the German papers are still attempting to forecast the new military reforms. They have been generally supposed to include a reduction of the period of military service from three years to two. But the *Kreuz Zeitung*, which is supposed to be in the confidence of the Government, attacks this idea, and declares that the Emperor is totally opposed to it. In any case, the reforms are likely to arouse active opposition on financial grounds. For instance, the tobacco tax, and proposed restriction (as with us) of tobacco cultivation which they will entail, is stated to be one of the most injurious measures imaginable for the Grand Duchy of Baden. The Liberals now are adverse to them, and even anticipate their rejection.

The German Government has finally decided not to aid the proposed Berlin International Exhibition. The great industrial and commercial centres were lukewarm in its support, while Prussia and the great majority of the States composing the Empire were opposed to it. It is possible, though not likely, that private enterprise may now step in.

Saturday last was the thirteenth anniversary of Count Taaffe's second appointment as Premier of Austria. Most of the Vienna papers eulogise him, one Liberal organ praising him as the promoter of the idea that each nationality in the Empire should be represented in its Ministry. The Croatian Nationalists have been badly defeated in the municipal elections at Agram. The Roumanian agitation in Hungary is said to be calming down.

In view of the General Election in Italy a great Irredentist meeting is announced in Rome for the first week in September, to protest against the Triple Alliance. The recent conflicts around the statue of Columbus have produced their effect in a manifesto of Democratic delegates at Rome in favour of the abolition of the Papal guarantees and the abrogation of the article in the Constitution which makes Catholicism the State religion.

The annual “Congress of Syndics” (mayors), held this year at Ancona, has shown itself very decidedly Radical. It has protested against the municipal payments now made for the maintenance of church buildings, demanded the suppression of religious charities, and indicated a strong desire for the popularisation of city government.

A revival of brigandage is reported from Sicily—a merchant of Castrogiovanni having been captured just outside that town, and killed in default of ransom. In Spain, too, “Anarchist outrages,” probably reducible to agrarian crime, are reported from the neighbourhood of Cadiz.

A flourishing hotel on a spur of the Dent de Morcles, overlooking St. Maurice in the Rhone valley, has been bought as a site for one of the projected forts, and is to be vacated this week. This haste, in the middle of the tourist season, is a significant

comment on the recent discussions of Swiss neutrality.

On Thursday Grindelwald just escaped destruction by fire. As it is, the Bär Hotel, the station, the English Church, and twenty houses were burnt.

We refer elsewhere to M. Stambouloff's visit to Constantinople, of which various sensational explanations have appeared, and to the Ministerial crisis in Serbia. The fifth anniversary of Prince Ferdinand's accession was celebrated at Sofia on Sunday.

The news of the Arab rebellion on the Upper Congo is fully confirmed: the rebels are advancing on Stanley Falls, and will there come into conflict with the troops of the Congo State, having swept away all the trading stations of the Upper Congo and Katangas companies in their advance. European hostility to the slave trade, and refusal to recognise the Arabs as middlemen in trading with the natives, are the chief causes assigned.

The Chilian Congress has passed the Bill granting an indemnity to the crew of the *Baltimore*. In Venezuela fighting continues, and the Western portion has declared itself an independent republic.

A TORY PLAN OF CAMPAIGN IN IRELAND.

IT is desirable that both Englishmen and Irishmen should understand the arrangements which the Tories have set on foot for mischief-making in Ireland during the approaching winter. Their devices for discrediting Mr. Morley are of two sorts—Orange fireworks in the North, and a deliberate attempt to rekindle agrarian crime in the South. The first danger is confined to a few towns, and can be averted by half-a-dozen police officers and magistrates determined to enforce the law against stone-throwers in Orange sashes as honestly as they would make short work of an assault upon a land-grabber in Tipperary. The mass of the Protestant population, having given their votes against Home Rule, as they did against Catholic Emancipation, and against the Disestablishment of the Church, will accept results like the shrewd and peacefully minded folk they are. It will not even be necessary to send Colonel Saunderson before two Removables. It will not be a question of protecting the Queen's fortresses from Orange insurrection, but of protecting Catholic public-houses in a few Loyalist and thirsty back-lanes of Belfast and Portadown.

Much more formidable are the plans for landlord operations in the South and West. Since Mr. Balfour took advantage of the Parnell split to quit the Irish Secretaryship, the aim of all well-affected Castle officials and of their landlord confederates has been to show that he had completed his triumphant task, and left naught but peace behind him. Prosecutions were dropped, the jails emptied, proclamations under the Crimes Act revoked, virgin police-statistics handed to Castle judges, who proceeded to stump the country upon the blessed results of Coercion, and, by means of the irresistible “pressure within the law” which a Tory executive can exercise upon the Irish gentry, the landlords were induced to live up to the Balfour legend by taking their rents as they could get them and shunning eviction. It was not, of course, that Mr. Balfour had altered the agrarian conditions of the country one jot. It was that active coercion was playing havoc with the Tory majority at the bye-elections, and that peace must be had at all hazards before the General Election to prove that the battering-ram and the Jedwood justice of the Removables had done their work. Mr. Balfour, with an effrontery which was truly sublime, accounted for his running away from the Irish people by proclaiming that it was the Irish people who had run away from him. Peace in Ireland was, therefore, sound Tory policy up to the date of the Tory downfall at the General Election. Turbulence in Ireland the moment

the firm Tory hand is withdrawn is no less obviously the Tory requirement henceforward, if the twenty years of resolute government theory is to hold water. The picture of Irish disaffection cowering under Mr. Balfour's lash, and even gratefully licking the hand that smote it, would be ineffective without a companion picture of the moonlighter and the cattle-hougher emerging from their lair once more at the news that the police and Removables have fallen under the namby-pamby sway of Mr. Morley. Before clearing out of Ireland, the Tory officials and their landlord confederates have laid their lines for two attempts to discredit the future Government of Ireland—first, by placing it on official record that the Tories left the country in a state of idyllic tranquillity, and, secondly, by laying up the materials for an effective series of explosions the moment the Liberals discard Coercion.

The proclamation exempting the county of Clare from the operations of the Crimes Act was a stroke of impudence scarcely inferior to the famous theory that the men slain on the Square of Mitchelstown were killed by ricochet shots. The county of Clare was one of the only two counties in which exceptional agrarian crime could be quoted as an excuse for passing the Coercion Act. Coercion made not the smallest impression upon Captain Moonlight's midnight reign in that county. More murders and armed raids have occurred within the past year in Clare than in the year preceding Mr. Balfour's Chief Secretaryship. By a grim piece of irony, the very newspaper containing the Tory proclamation declaring peace reigned in the county Clare contained also the news of an audacious series of raids by armed moonlighters the previous night in the neighbourhood of Ennis. A few days later, a sheriff's party, escorted by a vast police force, was fired upon with rifles in the neighbourhood of Bodyke, and a brisk interchange of shots took place between the police and the moonlighters. Within the same week there was news of a midnight descent by armed men upon the Vandeleur estate on the western side of the county. It is only a few months ago since a land agent was shot dead in Tulla on a Sabbath morning, and nobody has been made amenable for the crime. All these things were relegated to an obscure corner of the news columns of the *Times* and were unnoticed in its leading articles. The Coercion judge who opened the Clare Assizes last month had not a word of horror for the murdered land agent, nor for the unchecked midnight adventures of Captain Moonlight, but made a speech for use by Tory orators hereafter to show that nobody was any longer reported by the police to be "partially boycotted" in Clare (obnoxious individuals had only been shot in the legs), and that consequently the electors of Great Britain, to whom the judge's oration was really directed, might place implicit trust in the miracles wrought in the county Clare by Coercion. It will be interesting to note the sudden rise in value that moonlighting items from Clare will command henceforth in the Irish correspondence of the *Times*, and the pathetic citations that will be made from Mr. Justice O'Brien's speech at the Summer Assizes to recall in what a heavenly condition of tranquillity Mr. Balfour left the county Clare, and into what a pandemonium Mr. Morley's conciliatory methods will have reduced it.

While the Tory officials are thus proclaiming in the *Gazette* the Munchausen exploits of Coercion in the past, their landlord allies in all directions are making provision for abundant Liberal troubles in the future. The landlords are docile in their relations with a Tory Government. They are the sworn enemies of a Home Rule Chief Secretary. The word was passed from Dublin Castle for the last eighteen months that peace was the cry for the General Election. The landlords accordingly lay low; they met their tenants with a sweet smile, and adjourned any question of latitats or battering-rams that might embarrass Mr. Balfour before the British electorate. But now the landlords can oblige

Mr. Balfour even more by making themselves disagreeable than they could do hitherto by helping him to prove that he had brought about an Irish millennium. It would be folly to shut one's eyes to the evidences that every landlord-and-tenant quarrel which has lain dormant for the past couple of years will now be deliberately forced into activity, with the view of hampering Mr. Morley's government of Ireland and producing illustrations of Irish turbulence and crime for use during the Home Rule debates of next session. One great landlord in the South (Lord Bandon) has issued a decree that all his tenants shall be adjudicated bankrupts unless they shall have wiped off their arrears by a date peremptorily named. The sinister figure of Colonel O'Callaghan (whose Bodyke evictions gave rise to one of the most tragic episodes in Mr. Balfour's juvenile days as a Coercionist) has appeared again, revolver in hand, at the head of his Crowbar Brigade. The one crime-creating thing that was left to be done by the syndicate of landlords who have devastated the Ponsonby Estate—the eviction of the last batch of tenants—has just been set in motion. Mr. Smith-Barry, who, for many months past, might have removed the New Tipperary mart, has chosen the very moment of the change of Government to carry out that irritating operation. It is not that the demolition of the mart in the least degree changes the fortunes of the New Tipperary struggle; because the mart has been compulsorily closed for nearly eighteen months past, yet New Tipperary grows apace. Mr. Smith-Barry is not even influenced by any desire of personal triumph; because, although a technicality of the law gives him at this moment the satisfaction of tearing down the mart, there is the best legal reason to believe that the moment the brief intermediate interest he trickily acquired in the premises expires, he will be legally compellable to put back every stone he is now removing, and re-erect the mart in precisely the same condition in which he found it. Its demolition is simply a step in the new Tory Plan of Campaign, designed to provoke reprisals on the part of a hot-blooded population, excited by the news of the downfall of the intolerable police tyranny that has wrung the people's hearts for the last few years. In the same way, the high Castle officials, whose police arrangements wilfully facilitated street-rioting during the late General Election, in the few districts where the more desperate of Mr. Redmond's followers were sufficiently strong to attempt it, have bequeathed to the new Government a crop of outrageous prosecutions, not against the desperadoes who deliberately organised the riots, but against clergymen and quiet citizens who attempted to defend their lives against fusillades of stones and bludgeons. All these things promise disturbance, bad blood, and embarrassment for the new Administration, and every Tory landlord and Balfouresque Removable will cudgel his wits for the next few months for new proofs to the British public how law and order have degenerated in Ireland since the halcyon days of the Cecil Roches and the Captain Segraves. The calculation is that thousands of evicted tenants, who have looked forward to a Liberal Government as their deliverers, and who now find they will have to pass weary months before deliverance can reach them, may by a due process of tormentation be stirred into open revolt during the winter; and the calculation also is, I am sorry to say, that the more reckless of the Redmondites, for want of any better plan for multiplying Mr. Gladstone's difficulties, may be relied upon to co-operate as apostles of disorder.

To be warned of dangers such as these is to be armed against them. If British newspaper readers during the winter find items of agrarian trouble in Ireland magnified with lurid rhetoric in the Unionist journals, they will please to remember that they are reading of precisely the same Clanricarde struggles, and Ponsonby struggles, and Luggacurran struggles which Mr. Balfour has left behind him just where he found them, and that

all that is proved is the arrant falsity of the story with which England has been drenched for the past two years—that Mr. Balfour had once for all put down the agrarian combinations by the strong hand.

On the other hand, it may be hoped that the eagerness of the Tories for a disturbed winter, and the patent character of their arrangements to ensure it, will act as a sufficient warning to the Irish people against the insanity of confederating with their mortal enemies to maul Mr. Morley's government of Ireland. Mr. Morley, for his part, it may be anticipated, will not content himself with counsels of patience to men who have for long and bitter years iced their blood against temptation, and whose right of restitution to their homes the Liberal party in the last Parliament attested by their votes. A Royal Commission of Inquiry into the merits of those outstanding agrarian troubles, with a view to finding a sensible legislative solution for them next session, would restrain the evicted tenants' hand from anger in the meantime. What objection the Unionists can invent to such an inquiry it would take a man of Mitchelstown-ricochet-shot imagination to suggest. Inquiry would either demonstrate the truth of the English platform speeches, proving that there are no such troubles: that Mr. Balfour put them down: or at the least, a Commission would throw a flood of light upon the diabolical workings of the Plan of Campaign and would for ever establish the accuracy of Mr. Balfour's assurances that the tenants' combinations were founded upon dishonesty and propagated by crime. What have the Clanricardes and Smith-Barrys to dread from coming forward in open court to make manifest their own shining virtues and the notorious iniquities of their tenants and of their tenants' advisers? Here is another "Parnellism and Crime" Commission ready to the hand of Toryism—if, perchance, there are no tremblings lest the libels on the Plan of Campaign may turn out as disastrously as the Pigott forgeries. We, for our part, may be permitted to indulge a suspicion that the more thoroughgoing is the inquiry the more completely it will shatter the fool's paradise which Mr. Balfour's airy boasts have spun together in the Tory brain on the subject of his Irish exploits; that the evicted tenants were neither dishonest in their claims nor criminal in their methods; that they were expelled from their homes and despoiled of their property in pursuance of a conspiracy between Mr. Balfour and a syndicate of landlords for the crime of forcing the Land Act of 1887 upon the Tory Government; that their struggle, as a mere piece of human heroism, is one of the most gallant upon record; and that their restitution to their little homes and fields will be a just and elementary corollary of the electoral verdict which has hurled their persecutors from power.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

THE LIBERALS IN OFFICE.

SOME MIDDLE-AGED MAUNDERINGS.

SO the pendulum has swung once more; the Ins are out again and the Outs are in. Twelve years and a little more ago something of the same kind happened, "only more so," and again twelve years before that. Do any people feel now, one wonders, as some of us felt then? Though it is hard to believe, mankind is on the average always about the same age; and there are probably thousands of energetic young men to whom the defeat of the so-called Unionists promises as much as did to their predecessors the rout of the Jingoës in 1880 or the accession to power, in 1868, of a Ministry in which a place could be found for John Bright. Some hearts must be as light during the August of 1892 as others were in April, 1880, and yet others, doubtless, in the early winter of 1868. The present writer did not care enough for politics in 1868 to have

preserved any very vivid recollection of his own feelings; indeed, in those happy days he had barely emerged from the Toryism which is (and ought to be) the political creed of every self-respecting school-boy and most undergraduates. Even the disaster of 1874—owing, perhaps, to the nature of his then occupation and environment—affected him less than would the defeat of a favoured side at Lord's or Putney. To him, as to many others, "conversion" came with the events of 1876 and '77. The language of Mr. Disraeli, the tone of the organs of cultured Toryism, at a time when the issue between freedom and slavery, between progress and barbarism, was once more presented in a definite form, showed plainly how little Toryism had changed its nature since the days of Eldon or Metternich. Most questions have many sides; here was one which had only two. The main facts were undisputed. An industrious and peaceful population was held in subjection by a race inferior to itself in every point save perhaps physical force—a people who had made progress in civilisation, and were capable of more, coerced by a barbarian horde which for four hundred years had never shown the least capacity for any kind of development. Could there be a better test of a man's claim to the title of Liberal or Tory than the direction of his sympathies during that struggle? So when at the next available opportunity the country at large expressed its opinion and got rid of the first Ministry for many years which had been able to show what Tories in power as well as in office were like, many of us felt as we had never felt before the meaning of a victory at the polls.

And how long did this sense of elation last—this conviction that now we had a Parliament which would have the will, and the power too,

"Because right was right to follow right,
... in the scorn of consequence?"

How long was it before the Government which had come into power to devise Liberal things, and to stand by them, found itself—to the shame of some of its supporters—baffled on a matter involving one of the fundamental articles of the Liberal creed? Memories are short, or not a single member calling himself a Liberal who in any of the contests which arose round Mr. Bradlaugh voted with the party led on that occasion by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff would ever have ventured to show his face again as a Liberal candidate. This was but a beginning; but it showed the forces with which a Liberal Government had to contend. As might have been expected, an Opposition to whom religion presented itself as a suitable weapon wherewith to damage political adversaries were not likely to be more squeamish with regard to patriotism. That the Government of 1880-1885 committed many errors in their foreign policy, no Liberal will deny. But their predecessors' policy had left things in a difficult position; and while of their worst mistakes some were obviously due to the necessity of finishing with some semblance of continuity the work which had been cut out, others perhaps arose from an over-readiness to conciliate critics real or supposed. That you should not embarrass the Government in its foreign policy was a maxim which Ministerial speakers and writers had preached day by day from 1874 till 1880. How far the same persons acted upon it when the Government was no longer on their side a very brief search in the newspaper files of the following years will show. During the first eight weeks of the session of 1884 no less than seventeen debates about Egypt were started. Probably some of these were intended less to embarrass the Government in its foreign policy than to delay the passage of the Franchise Bill; in fact, the real measure of their sincerity was given early in the following year. On February 24th the closure was moved from the Ministerial side expressly in order to clear the way for one of the many motions of censure in reference to the Soudan War. The chance of

putting the Government in a fix was too tempting; and the Tories left the House without voting, thus reducing the majority to a figure barely sufficient, according to the rules then in force, to carry the closure against the standing opposition of the Irish party. But, indeed, anyone who chanced—as did the present writer—to walk up Whitehall on the morning of February 5th might have got a pretty clear insight into the value of the “patriotism” of the party which claimed a monopoly of that virtue. Several of the leading persons on the Opposition side were coming in the opposite direction, and the countenances of one and all expressed the frankest glee. News had arrived that morning of the fall of Khartoum. It is needless to speak here of the use which the men who had sent Cavagnari to his death made of the fate of Gordon; but as the names have been mentioned, it may be as well to point out that while Gordon undertook his mission confident of success, Cavagnari set out for Cabul in the full conviction that he would never return.

Then came the difficulty with Russia; the Churchills and the Bartletts got yet another innings; and though the direct attacks failed, the majorities steadily diminished, and it was no surprise when the Government, “riding for a fall,” allowed themselves to be beaten on some point connected with beer, and went out of office. Five years had been sufficient, thanks to half-hearted friends and unscrupulous opponents, to make an end of the Ministry which had come into office with such high hopes.

Of the difficulties with which it had to contend, only the merest selection has been given. To enumerate those arising out of the government of Ireland alone, from the day when Lord Beaconsfield, still smarting from defeat, persuaded the Lords to reject the Compensation for Disturbance Bill, and so paved the way, as he intended, for all the troubles of the following year, would require as much space as has already been used. With regard to them, all that need be said is that here again the Government suffered in some measure for its own fault, for its own want of faith in Liberal methods. So at least all of us see now: some few saw it then. But here, too, its foes were they of its own household.

To what end, it may be asked, is all this old stuff raked over again? Chiefly because politicians have short memories; and the writer, not being a politician, and having a vivid recollection of the contrast between his hopes in 1880 and his memories in 1885, would like to caution those who now stand where he and others did in the former year against imagining that one Liberal victory makes a millennium. Indeed, to the Liberal of a little experience, who is not a politician, the ideal position is—Tories in office, and not over-secure there. We will not say, then only do Liberal measures stand a chance of passing, but history shows that it is under these conditions that the greatest Liberal measures have been passed. However, this is a point to which, in the present condition of human nature, we can hardly press the principle of “Measures, not men.” If ever the time does come when the side which has the power will allow its adversaries to retain the emoluments and get the credit of the measures, legislation will surely be superfluous. One thing we may be allowed to hope, namely, that those who are now in office will aim rather at satisfying their friends than at conciliating their opponents. Those who have for six years governed on the principle of aversion to Mr. Gladstone may just as well be left to cultivate that principle a little longer. In ordinary affairs the maxim to treat your friend as if he might one day be your enemy, and your enemy as if he might one day be your friend, may have its value; in politics it is meaningless. Once a friend always a friend; once an enemy—with very rare exceptions—always an enemy. The distinction is based on the very foundations of each man's nature. Only be sure that you do not take an enemy for a friend, for it is through this that great purposes are wrecked, and Governments fall.

A LOOKER-ON.

RESEARCH IN EGYPT.

THE glamour of Egypt possesses us more and more. It is not the Egypt of modern politics, nor the Egypt which the Messrs. Cook have exploited for the amusement of the active tripper, but the Egypt which the scientific digger is slowly, and with great labour, restoring to us—the Egypt that was finely and elaborately civilised before the stones of Rome were laid. Sundered from us by a heap of dusty centuries—so vast that the “drums and trappings” of modern history seem but the echoes of a noisy week—this Egypt whose secret was held impenetrable till Champollion's day comes nearer and grows less mysterious to us, so that we hope yet to know it as familiarly as scholars know the Athens of Pericles. The interest of the subject is infinite, and it is good to be informed from time to time both as to the progress of the work and as to the difficulties which it offers.

We have before us a letter written the other day by one of the most distinguished and successful of the little band of toilers in this devoted field. The impression has been common that a principal obstacle to the progress of research in Egypt has been an insufficiency of money. Our correspondent—and he speaks out of an extended personal experience—informs us that this is not exactly the case. There is much work of the highest importance still to be done in Egypt, the cost of which may be met by existing supplies. The Egypt Exploration Fund can afford, we believe, to spend some £1,500 on excavation and survey; and such a sum in the hands of judicious workers, fortunate in the sites they choose, may and does accomplish a good deal. Other moneys are forthcoming from other sources. Excavators of proved ability, working on their own account, do not lack the generous support of private individuals. Such a genius in this field as Mr. Flinders Petrie would certainly always find a purse or purses at his disposal; such a one, indeed, in all probability has less difficulty in gathering patrons about him than in selecting from amongst them those to whom he would most willingly be responsible. We are thinking, of course, not of the costliest but of the least costly kinds of excavation. The cost depends upon the nature and practicability of the site. One that is unencumbered and readily accessible may be made to yield much for a moderate outlay. On the other hand, sums that are not at present at the command either of the fund or of any private worker would be required to lay bare the levels of cities—such as that of the Hyksos capital—the sites of which lie far beneath the surface and have been built upon in later times. These also may be uncovered for us one day. They are there, awaiting us; the teeth of time, we may feel sure, has not even yet gnawed too far into them; and, in the meantime, it is well to know that for sites which are simpler to the excavator (though their yield may be of surpassing value) good money is available. The work, in fact, is going forward year by year. Now and again some stately volume—which, perhaps, just pays its way, and is precious to students, if not in extravagant demand at Mudie's—informs us in detail of some new and rich discovery. Or it may be a slender monograph such as Mr. Petrie has given us this season, which epitomises in two hundred small pages a full ten years of laborious delving. The work goes forward, and not a year slips by but we are intellectually the wealthier for its results; but there is still an obstacle. It is at this point that our correspondent comes in to enlighten us.

“The real difficulty in the matter,” he says, “is not money, but men.” This is a fresh suggestion, and worth pressing. Full and proper discussion of it would require a rather long statement of the modern art of scientific excavation, and of the essential qualifications of the excavator. But a hint or two, sufficiently explanatory, may be set down. Men are not wanting to dig in Egypt, or wherever else there are profitable relics to be

burrowed for; it is the *right* sort of men that are wanting. Adventurers abound, and there is a touch of the adventurous in excavation. Excavation is only treasure-hunting—with a moral and intellectual aim. But the moral and intellectual aim makes a world of difference; and without that for one's beacon light, there is no patient and continuous toil against a host of great or little troubles. Men start digging in Egypt under the guidance, it may be, of some practised and tireless hand, grow sick of efforts for which there is no prompt and marketable return, and throw down the shovel in disgust. This, however, is not a fair putting of the whole case. A beginner may start with the best intentions, and may find that, on this score or on that, he is not quite man enough for the work. A combination of parts is needed for the first-rate excavator. One must be something scholarly, and by no means without imagination; and, with these gifts, one must be able to rough it to any extent when occasion asks. In his chapter on Hawara, in "Ten Years' Digging in Egypt," Mr. Flinders Petrie notes, in quite a casual way, that he spent a day sitting up to his nose in water, in a sarcophagus, "struggling with the inner coffins"; and elsewhere he has jotted down that he had to strip and duck in a pool, to get the grime off him, after a day's work in a dirty tomb. Here are plain trials for the incomplete explorer. To put it in a sentence, the work demands more tenacity, power of roughing it, and mechanical taste and aptitude than one looks to find amongst the scholarly class; and more of the historical sense, and general literary and antiquarian knowledge, than are common amongst the race of pioneers. It is not that the very highest abilities are needful, but that there is called for, and imperatively required, a certain blending of different gifts and powers that are not often united in one and the same individual. But this complex type of worker ought not to be so uncommon a product of our age. Is it not indeed just such a type as this that we look to our universities to furnish us with—the type of the athletic scholar? Never was there a day in England when we laid more emphatic stress upon the importance of both kinds of education—the mental and the physical; sought harder to give each its chance, and to get a unique result from the two. Here, amid the sands of Egypt, is opportunity to try what the system is good for. "If we can find the men," says our correspondent, "I have very little doubt about the money."

Does anyone inquire concerning the inducements? It cannot be necessary to say that the results which have flowed from the decipherment of the hieroglyphics—"the discovery of the key unlocking the wisdom of ancient Egypt"—take rank amongst the best and highest achievements of this century. The Nile-land digger gives back to us glimpses, and more than glimpses, of a civilisation beside which the civilisations of Carthage, Athens, and Rome are of to-day. Piece by piece, the greatness of that Egypt which was already on "the way to dusty death" while Moses lived is being built up again. We are learning how highly educated that old world was, with its libraries, its voluminous and varied literature, its wide-spread literary intercourse; how proud and elaborate its civilisation—carving in stone, wood, ivory, and gold; writing in hieroglyphics; "arts of combined labour, of masonry, of sculpture, of metal-working, of turning, of carpentry, of pottery, of weaving, of dyeing." Who looks with a learned eye on the temples and the pyramids refuses to believe that the powers of the intellect have ever in any age reared greater monuments than these. We place the authors of these with Homer, with Solon, with Sophocles, with Shakspeare. In the broad view of human history and civilisation, the progress of research in Egypt is of yet more supreme importance. "We are only yet," says Mr. Flinders Petrie, "on the threshold of understanding the sources of the knowledge, the arts, and the culture, which we have inherited from a hundred generations." Here

are motives for the inspiration of new workers. The rewards are ideal, but, considered in an intellectual and a moral standpoint, they do not lack substance.

AN OLD IRISH TOWN.

Youghal is like an old English town, so much in the English manner is it built, and so many traces has it of successive English occupations. Where the long line of villas stretches away to westward, it is wild enough, with the great Atlantic rollers ravening at the sea-wall, and rising above it in high spurts of thin spray. But the town itself lies in a sheltered inlet, and over the water are the green Waterford hills making a bulwark against the breakers. You enter the town at this point through rows of tall, old houses, whose great fronts, although decayed, tell of the town's ancient pretensions. There is a boulevard of crooked trees blown away from the sea-wind, and when they are green one thinks to enter Youghal by an avenue of tender shade.

Over all the place hangs the memory and the glamour of the past. It is like a tapestry blown in the wind, whereon one sees mistily gigantic figures of knights and horses. The Earls of Desmond, the Munster branch of the Geraldines, built up the fortunes of Youghal, and went nigh to ending them in the struggle with Elizabeth Tudor, wherein the Desmonds were so fatally worsted. Those descendants of Strongbow's freebooters were great and magnificent, far too much so not to be crushed when they became more Irish than the Irish—sons, rather, of the breast that fostered them than the womb that bare them—Irish princes rather than earls with an English patent of nobility.

Their ruins are all over the country, their castles and abbeys and churches clad in the heavy ivy, and mouldering away in the wind and weather. Temple Michael, on the Blackwater, was one of their strongholds. There is a story of an Earl Gerald who died there. They buried him across the water in holy Ardmore of St. Declan, with its church and round tower and holy well. But even there the Geraldine was homesick for Temple Michael; and so every night across the water, when the waves were roaring like bulls, or in the silver calm of a summer night, came a voice, strange and terrible, crying:—"Garault arointha!"—i.e., "Gerald! hurry, hurry!" "Garault arointha!"—"Give Garault a ferry!" And those who loved the dead man, and the men of his following, were heart-broken listening to the lonely crying, till at last some young men put out to sea one night—the very place where now you may be ferried to Waterford for a groat—and took up the Earl's coffin and carried him back to Temple Michael, where he rested in peace. Earl Thomas, the eighth Earl, and called the Great, made munificent foundations in Youghal. He re-edified St. Mary's Church, built the College of Youghal, with an endowment of £600 annually—equal to £3,000 in our days—for a Warden, eight Fellows, and eight Singing-men, who were to have a common table, and live in a collegiate manner. He also built the Warden's house, in the English fashion, with gables and oriel windows. This was afterwards to be Raleigh's house, which for many a one has more fascinating memories than any memorial of the Esmonds. Walter Raleigh was at Youghal in 1588-89, when he was Mayor of the town, and resided in the Warden's house. He had a grant of 12,000 acres or more of the Desmond's forfeited estates, including the town of Youghal. The Raleigh House, as it is called, is a veritable old English manor-house, with its three gables and its oriels, its peaked and twisted chimneys, all clad heavily in the green ivy. There is one beautiful oriel window wherein together sat Raleigh and Edmund Spenser, the one reading, the other criticising, the first manuscript of the "Faery Queene."

The old room puts you back at once among the Elizabethans. It is a beautiful room, wainscotted and panelled in old oak, and with the most richly and delicately carved mantel-piece. It is up to the ceiling, and divided in panels wherein are set figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, bordered with a wealth of device. The window is hidden in green, and one sees over the myrtle-clad walls the old tower of St. Mary's Church. The house belonged to the late Sir John Pope-Hennessy, who preserved it with admirable reverence. The room of oak is so dark on an autumn evening that the wax candles only make darkness visible. On the walls are half a dozen portraits of Sir Walter, olive-faced, brown-eyed, full of the ineffable glamour which hangs about the man, and makes one forget the bloodthirstiness of his first deeds in Ireland, savage as those of any pirate or buccaneer on the high seas. This is Sir Walter in his gentlehood, "The Shepherd of the Ocean," as Edmund Spenser styles him. From another window you see the four twisted yew-trees in whose shade Raleigh sat smoking that time when the servant drenched him with water to put his fire out. From here he and Edmund Spenser took sail at the port of Youghal for London, the one in forlorn hope to recover the waning favour of "Cynthia, the Lady of the Sea," the other to conduct the business of publishing the first three books of the "Faëry Queene." Spenser's Castle of Kilcolman, in another part of the country, is a naked ruin on a rock, haunted, it may be, by the dying cry of the poet's child, who was burnt to death there in 1598. Spenser fled away after this to London, and died within the year, poor and broken-hearted. The descendants of him and his Elizabeth, whom he married in Cork, were in our own times still living in Cork County.

Sir Walter went away from Youghal on his last voyage to the West Indies in August, 1617. He never saw his Irish estates again. They had come unrighteously to him from the attainted Geraldine, and from him, disgraced and attainted, they passed to Robert Boyle, the first Earl of Cork. There is a letter preserved from the latter to Raleigh's son, after his father's death, in which, no doubt, Lord Cork makes a succinct and most lawyer-like statement of the various loans Raleigh had of him, for the satisfaction of which he received Youghal and its belongings; but to the bargain there is a suspicious absence of witnesses. However, this is delightful as being put in Raleigh's mouth, and addressed to his second son, Walter, also a dead man at the time of my Lord Cork's statement:—

"Wat, you see how nobly my Lord Boyle hath entertained me and my friends; and therefore I charge you upon my blessing that you never question to Lord Boyle for anything I have sold him, for if he had not bought my Irish land it wou'd have fallen to the Crown, and then some Scot or other would have begged it."

Sir John Pope-Hennessy gathered in the house, besides the Raleigh portraits, a good many interesting things belonging to the period. In the hall is Queen Elizabeth's grant, signed by her, of a pension to Eleanor, Countess of Desmond. The bedroom in which Sir Walter slept is an oak-panelled room, similar to his study. I would not take a fortune and sleep there, though there is no story of his "walking." The dining-room, also low and quaint and dark, has a faint earthy smell; in one corner of the room there is supposed to be a subterranean passage to the church. The boards actually lift up and reveal the opening; but some former occupant of the Raleigh house threw down in the passage several loads of earth, which still remain there. Such openings are not uncommon in Youghal. If one may believe the stories, it is tunnelled with subterranean ways to the sea. The Knights Templars, who had their preceptory at Rhincrew, the first point of land after entering the Blackwater at Youghal, had many such winding passages, though I do not know that any

now are open amid the ruins. They, the Templars, were established here by Raymond le Gros, who came over with Strongbow, and is buried at Molana Abbey, on the Blackwater. At Rhincrew—*Trished, Runi-cru*, "the Point of Blood"—they could see from their eyrie the ships coming to take them to Palestine. Their hidden walls probably wound under the bog, which is now the harbour of Youghal, and from which the skeletons of great animals have been taken. An old history, dated in the last century, says that at that time there were the remains of a mill upon a rock at the entrance to the harbour, which shows how greatly the sea has encroached. Another kind of oubliette may be seen at Strancally Castle, a ruined Desmond fortress, where there is a chamber in the rock, a drowning-hole so-called, whence an inconvenient person could easily be dropped into the river.

You may see the tombs of Crusaders who were probably Templars in St. Mary's Church, one of the most beautiful of Irish churches. They are in the Earl of Cork's Chantry, where is the bewildering monument of that founder of his family. It is all in Italian marbles, painted over. In the midst lies the Earl himself in armour, and with his head on a cushion. The painted eyes and face are something to remember. At his head and his feet are his two wives, the one who died in childbirth having a tiny cradle by her with the one baby in it; the other, who was the mother of nine children, looks down complacently on the long line of little effigies, all dressed in the fashion of their day, with ruffs and farthingales, and such fripperies. Up above is the Earl's mother, Joan Naylor, wearing a large straw hat, and dressed in the finest of Court robes. It is all inexpressibly tawdry and grotesque in the mellow darkness of the beautiful old church.

At Youghal it is not easy to slip from the past to the present. If you would return to the nineteenth century, there is a good deal to see. There is Youghal pottery, of fine and simple shapes, and certain stained-glass works. There is the quaintest of main streets, with the great clock-tower spanning its midst. If you would be *fin de siècle*, in a political sense, you can go and visit the Ponsonby tenants a few miles out of the town, and, as you are in the neighbourhood, can compare their wretchedness with Mr. Smith-Barry's magnificence at Fota, that lovely island at the north of the River Lee. Living is cheap at Youghal. Those stately houses facing the College walls, overhung with myrtle and purple valerian, are to be let for a song. The great Red House in the main street, which might be the scene of a story of Hawthorne's, you can have for £30 a year, though it will need a roof on it. But insensibly you will live in the past, with Knights Templars and Desmonds, with fascinating English adventurers, or even, if you are Puritanical, with Noll himself, who was here in 1649, and whose house you will see in the main street, hard by the monastery of the Hospitallers of St. John. The strange and interesting things in Youghal would need an article even for the naming of them. There is scarce an inch of it that is not storied ground.

KATHARINE TYNAN.

LYKOSURA.

HIGH up on the slopes of Lykaon, above the village of Stala, it has long been known that there exist ruins of a temple and fortress, which were rightly identified as the sanctuary of Despoina and the Acropolis of Lykosura. This was the site of the town which Greek legends asserted to be the earliest dwelling-place of the mythical kings of Arcadia; and here was the seat of one of the chief Arcadian worships, which rivalled the great cult of Zeus Lykaeus himself, in the precinct with its altar on the very summit of Lykaon, where, till comparatively late times, human sacrifices were offered—of a

worship so strongly rooted, that it saved the dwellers in Lykosura from being forced to leave their homes, as were most of the Arcadian communities, and join in the foundation of Megalopolis; when Epaminondas, designing to strengthen Arcadia by uniting it, only gave opportunities for fatal quarrels. And so the Lykosurans lived on, at the head of their valley. But with the fall of the gods of Greece fell their temples; and the ruins at Lykosura, more fortunate than many, were soon covered by earth washed down from the slope of the Acropolis above. That they were quickly hidden is clear from the considerable remains now left, which would hardly have been spared, had they been visible, in the Middle Ages, when the hill was occupied by a small fortress. Only a few blocks of stone could be seen above ground, till recently M. Kavvadias, the Ephor-General of Antiquities in Greece, was attracted by the site, and the excavations which followed, under the direction of M. Leonardos, Ephor of Olympia, produced results of singular importance. Besides a very large number of architectural fragments, there were found several pieces of the group which once adorned the temple, and which could be identified from the description given by Pausanias. The work was by Damophon of Messene, an artist of the earlier part of the fourth century, and represented Despoena and her mother Demeter seated on a throne—the elder goddess on the right with a torch in one hand, the other resting on her daughter's shoulder—while Despoena had a sceptre and the mystic chest of the earth-goddesses; on one side of the throne stood Artemis, clad as a huntress, but carrying in her hands the attributes of her lower-world nature, the torch and snakes: on the other Anytus, the Titan nurse, according to story, of Despoena. Of this group, three heads have been discovered—a colossal one, probably Despoena, and two of slightly lesser proportions, which must be Artemis and Anytus. The features of all are well preserved, and are very interesting to study. They show distinctly the influence of Pheidias—if modern criticism will allow the ascription of any works to Pheidias—upon the artist: as set up now, in the Central Museum at Athens, the heads are too near the eye-line; but, if they are looked at from a distance, the breadth and grandeur of the treatment come out excellently. Of the other fragments, the most pleasing is a piece of drapery, apparently one of the folds which fell from the raised arm of Demeter. Its size—it is about three feet long—offers scope for the delicate and minute treatment which makes it so charming; lines of figures in relief, of animals and winged victories, adorn it, and give a representation such as has not before been found of the embroidered robes which were dedicated to the service of the gods, and which were only known hitherto from small vase-paintings, or restored on the analogy of some remains of garments from the Crimean graves. Another fragment—a female torso, left at Lykosura on account of its size, which made it impossible to move it over a roadless country—is chiefly interesting as showing the worth of a statement of Pausanias, that the central figures were made of one block of marble: as this piece, which must have belonged to one or other of the goddesses, shows clearly the clamp-marks for attaching the arms. But the peculiar value of these remains is that they are the first actual temple-statues, identifiable as such, found in Greece. Hitherto, most of the works of sculpture discovered have been votive offerings from communities or individuals; or statues of no religious significance; or, at best, copies of great originals; but now there are the remains of a group which was the very centre and embodiment of a worship. In the temple at Lykosura are still standing the foundations of the base on which the group stood at the west end of the building, which show that the side figures stood on a slightly lower level, besides being smaller, than the seated ones in the centre. Beyond these, the remains of the temple are not of great importance: the floor and lower

courses of the wall, built of local limestone, are fairly perfect, and a number of marble drums and pieces of architrave and triglyph-frieze lie scattered about. The entrance to the precinct is marked by a small temple, probably of Artemis Propylaea, from which the remains of a colonnade show the way to the main building. Just above, on the summit of a mound, are the foundations of a construction which has been identified as the Megaron mentioned by Pausanias—probably the earliest altar of Despoena, dating back to times earlier than the temple, at which the Arcadians sacrificed “each whatever he possessed” to her who typified for them the fertility of the earth. Higher up again, on the top of the hill, are the remains of the Acropolis—a girdle-wall of large blocks of stone, which does not, however, present an appearance of such antiquity as would be expected in the central stronghold of “the earliest of all cities, after the model of which all other Greek towns were built,” if Pausanias is to be believed; in fact, this wall cannot be earlier than the middle of the fifth century. The fortress occupies a magnificent position, with almost sheer precipices along two sides, which cut it off from the mountain behind, the rock sloping down steeply elsewhere. And the view is equally magnificent: Lykaon rising at the back, and in front the Arcadian plain, cut by the beds of the Alpheus and Helisson, and stretching away to the ranges of Maenalus on the left and Taygetus on the right; down, at the foot of the rock, the wild gorges of the streams which run to the Alpheus, which, as they open out, are filled with oaks and planes. The site of the Temple of Despoena rivals, in the scenery round it, the more famous prospects of Sunium, Aegina, or Bassae; and, though the Greeks placed the precincts of their gods for other reasons than the view, yet to the modern visitor not the least of their charms lies in this accident.

TWO FRENCH NOVELS.

IN “Chénerol” (Paris: Plon, Nourrit) Madame Henry Gréville deals with much the same theme as that of M. Alphonse Daudet's last book, “Rose et Ninette”—the way in which the sins of the divorced are visited upon the children. But though the subject is the same the treatment is vastly different. In M. Daudet's study all is inspissated gloom, morbid psychology, an almost sordid pessimism; we see the daughters of a corrupt mother themselves gradually corrupted, their hearts alienated from their father; we are brought face to face with some of the nameless injustices, the hopeless tragedies of life. Henry Gréville, as becomes a lady with whom it has always been a point of honour to leave her readers in a comfortable frame of mind, does her spiriting more gently, and only insists upon the sense of tears in human things as an adroit preparation for smiles. In the matter of artistic workmanship there is, of course, no comparison possible between the two books. The author of “Rose et Ninette” offers us an exquisiteness of style, a delicate sensitiveness to impressions, a power of minutely analysing the vague, the fugitive, the crepuscular in our moods which are undreamt of in the philosophy of Henry Gréville's prolific and robust muse. But this is the holiday season, when we read a story for the story, and there is plenty of story in “Chénerol.” There is also an adherence to the old rules of poetic justice, which somehow seems quite the fit accompaniment for the brass band at the end of the pier or a morning's loafing behind the bathing-machines. The divorced lady, though quite heartless, has weak lungs, and her wicked habit of wearing very low dresses, coupled with her equally wicked obstinacy in going to the opera in a snow-storm, naturally brings about her death just at the right time to allow the young people, whom her misconduct has so cruelly parted, to marry and live happy ever afterwards. Nor is the lady's

companion in wickedness permitted to get off scot-free. He has to expiate his offence by changing his name—though it seems, after all, no great hardship to swop Chénéról for Sauvignac. If it had been for Dupont, now, or Durand, one might have had a better measure of his repentance. And, in the end, he becomes quite a moral character, making his own weakness the theme of an unctuous sermon, like the “converted clowns” and others who occasionally perform the part of the awful example on temperance and revivalist platforms. “The fault,” he points out to his son, “was not committed on the day Mme. Villeroy forgot her duty, but on the day when I looked with longing eyes on my friend’s wife, and, thinking no harm, spoke to her of her beauty in words such as her husband or her daughter might not hear. Remember, my son, that, once you have started on that path, there are no venial errors: for no one knows what grain of sand will make the balance incline to one side . . . and then into what an abyss we may be precipitated!” From which it will be observed that a tardy return to moral rectitude is no safeguard against mixed metaphors. Perhaps the one character in the book on whom Mme. Henry Gréville has borne a little too hardly is the first husband of the wicked Mme. Villeroy. Not only does she represent him as too timorous to challenge his wife’s companion, but actually exiles him to a villa in a dismal London suburb, where the furniture within and the strip of garden in front, and the interminable grey road beyond the garden, are all depressingly English. And this after the poor man had actually allowed himself to appear the guilty party in order to save his erring wife’s reputation! Even M. Daudet, with all his pessimism and leaning to tragedy, did not venture to add to the penalties of divorce the horror of residence in a London suburb.

The Queen of Roumania’s new book, “Marié” (Paris: Perrin), is not a study of divorce, but of something which is understood to be often mentioned in the divorce court, incompatibility of temper. The husband here has what M. Edmond de Goncourt would call “le tempérament artiste,” and, according to his own showing—for the story is narrated in autobiographic form—must have been “gey ill to live wi’.” He hates eating, or seeing people eat, or hearing of anyone eating. He trusts that people will some day learn to take their nutriment in the form of pills. Accordingly, his wife, a practical, masterful Englishwoman, insists on his checking the cook’s accounts! Moreover, she has a hearty appetite. For his part, he thinks women ought to live on perfumes. Then, his wife is a walking dictionary, while his talent is for “passive ignorance.” Also he likes spending the night alone, rolled up in a bearskin before the fire—a practice entirely repugnant to the orderly Englishwoman. What makes things worse is that, though he has the artist temperament, he is not an artist; he is too lazy for that. His wife brings him music-paper, and cheerfully bids him compose on the spot, a request which naturally drives him to frenzy and ungently language. In short, he is very much like one of the ineffectual twins in “The Golden Butterfly,” with the humour left out. That seems to us Carmen Sylva’s weak point; she has no sense of humour. She presents to us this whining, melancholy, despicable husband with all solemnity, and in apparent unconsciousness of the fact that he is the absurdest of creatures. Before he married Nora (which name, by-the-by, Carmen Sylva supposes to be short for Honoria) the husband loved Lavinia, a dark, full-blooded, fatal, volcanic creature, and throughout his married life he is always moaning and maundering over Lavinia’s picture, when he ought to be examining the cook’s accounts with the practical Nora. Ultimately Lavinia dies of a broken heart, and Nora nearly dies of the same, and the husband dies of consumption, but not until the reader, we fear, will have become heartily sick of all three.

COROT.

LAST week one of the accidental linkings of thought which the pen is responsible for brought together the names of Ingres and Corot, and on the impulse of the moment I noted an analogy which has haunted my brain ever since. At first sight it would seem impossible to find any point of similarity between these two great artists. But that is because it is often difficult to see the artist on account of the critics; and none have been written about so falsely and unsympathetically as Ingres. When his name is mentioned the stereotype phrases are “cold,” “severe,” “rigid outline,” “classic grace,” etc. But, rightly or wrongly, I do not see Ingres in the light of these epithets. Of all painters, he seems to me to be the most emotional. The passion that vibrated in his soul as he watched the movement and sway of an outline is echoed in mine when I look on the very slightest paper or canvas that his hand drew upon, and every drawing of face, hand, and arm lives in my memory. The nearest imaginable equivalent to that august dream which stands in the British Museum, known as “The Daughters of Ærope,” seems to me to be the pale, gracile grace of “La Source”; that young body growing innocent as a tendril—the flower-like loveliness of the face—that face which seems to express the whole world’s dream of youthful purity! Ah, what pleasure to write about what one really loves!—about that fac-simile, for instance, which we meet in artists’ studios, the strange lady in enigmatic laces, in whose lap loose fingers lie like Hindoo ornaments. O strange Parisian lady, in thy exotic eyes the mediæval dream which haunted Da Vinci’s soul appears purified, disinfected, and as if blown clean by some breath from Greece’s divinest day! And when looking at this drawing, beautiful as if Phidias and Houkousai had stood on either side of Ingres, a twin inspiration, we have thought for nothing but the outline which clasps the face, the indication of the modelling along the outline of the face, the perfect and spontaneous creation of foliage-like laces about the neck, long silk arms with flower-like laces flowing round the wrists—exquisite, marvellous Japaneseries, and yet an august design, for the pencil was held by one who had lived long in the innermost spirit of antiquity. And is not this immaculate sense of beauty and this unflinching perfection of form very near Phidias and Corot? Look at “Le Lac de Garde,” and say if the old Greek melody is audible in the line which bends and floats to the lake’s edge, in the massing of those lines which hold those trees in perfect place and poise, and in the contour of the broken birch which sweeps the pale-complexioned sky with fragile grace. The art of Phidias is the most perfect the world has ever seen, and next to it for sheer perfection some half a dozen pictures and drawings by Ingres and some ten or a dozen landscapes by Corot. I say nothing of completeness—that is another matter: what Michelangelo is to Phidias, Turner is to Corot; the Italian and the Englishman were more complete and less perfect than the Greek and the Frenchmen.

It is the essentially Greek quality of perfection that brings Corot and Ingres together. They are perfect as none other since the Greek sculptors has been perfect. Other painters have desired beauty at intervals as passionately as they, none save the Greeks so continuously; and the desire to be merely beautiful seemed, if possible, to absorb the art of Corot even more completely than it did that of Ingres. Among the numerous pictures, sketches, and drawings which he left you will find weakness, repetitions, even commonplace, but ugliness never. An ugly set of lines is not to be found in Corot; the rhythm may sometimes be weak, but his lines never run out of metre. For the rhythm of line as well as of sound the artist must seek in his own soul; he will never find it in the inchoate and discordant jumble which we call

nature. And, after all, what is art but rhythm? Corot knew that art is nature made rhythmical, and so he was never known to take out a six-foot canvas to copy nature on. Being an artist, he preferred to observe nature, and he lay down and dreamed his fields and trees and he walked about in his landscape, selecting his point of view, determining the rhythm of his lines. That sense of rhythm which I have defined as art was remarkable in him even from the first pictures. In the "Castle of St. Angelo, Rome," for instance, the placing of the buildings, one low down, the other high up in the picture, the bridge between, and behind the bridge the dome of St. Peter's, is as faultless a composition as his maturest work. As faultless, and yet not so exquisite. For it took many long and pensive years to attain the more subtle and delicate rhythms of "The Lake" in the collection of J. S. Forbes, Esq., or the landscape in the collection of G. N. Stevens, Esq., or the "Ravine" in the collection of Sir John Day.

Corot's style changed; but it changed gradually, as nature changes, waxing like the moon from a thin, pure crescent to a full circle of light. Corot never wandered in zig-zag. Guided by a perfect instinct, he progressed, fulfilling the course of his artistic destiny; and it is not possible at a particular place to say that he left off painting in a certain way. We notice change, but though each change brings fuller beauty we regret the dead delight; thoughts even in midsummer will sigh for the tender grace of the spring that is gone. And through the long and beautiful year of Corot's genius—full as the year itself of months and seasons—we notice that the change that comes over his art is always in the direction of purer and more spiritual beauty. We find him more and more absorbed in the emotion that the landscape conveys, more willing to sacrifice the superfluous and circumstantial for the sake of the immortal beauty of things; and, passing from theory to practice, we find that it is with this view that Corot in his perfect period is content to leave his foreground only rubbed over with some expressive grey tint, knowing well that the eye rests not there, but sees nature circlewise. And upon his middle distance he will lavish his entire soul, concentrating his picture on some one thing in which for him resides the true reality of the place, whether this be the evening ripples on the lake or the shimmering of willow leaves as the last light dies out of the sky.

I only saw Corot once. It was in some woods near Paris, where I had gone to paint, and I came across the old gentleman unexpectedly, seated in front of his easel in a pleasant glade. After admiring his work I ventured to say: "Master, what you are doing is lovely, but I cannot find your composition in the landscape before us." He said: "My foreground is a long way ahead," and sure enough, nearly two hundred yards away, his picture rose out of the dimness of the dell, stretching a little beyond the vista into the meadow. And this little anecdote I find related by Mr. David Croal Thomson in his book entitled "The Barbizon School of Painters." It comes into his study of the life and works of Corot.

And I am glad that Mr. Thomson included the little explanation Corot was kind enough to give me of his picture, for since seeing the words in print I recognise their true inwardness, and realise how valuable they will prove to those who are at pains to consider them. Mr. Thomson's beautiful book, embellished with fifty illustrations, interested me from end to end, but nowhere more than at the point where Constan Dutilleux, an artist in poor circumstances, purchased, at great personal sacrifice, one of Corot's early pictures. Dutilleux seems to have been the first who admired Corot; and even in '49, when Corot was quite unknown, he seems to have understood Corot, and to have divined his origins in art. He says: "Corot is the one who, in colour as in other things, has the most points analogous to Rembrandt. The shades are golden

with one and grey with the other, but both use the same means to procure the light and show off a tone. In appearance, their processes seem contrary, but the wished-for result is the same. In a portrait by Rembrandt all the details disappear in the shadow, to force the gaze upon a unique point, a point lingered over and retouched, often the eyes. Corot, on the contrary, sacrifices the details which are in the light, extremities of trees, etc., and always brings you back to the place which he has decided shall attract the eye of the spectator."

Painters do not often express their thought elegantly, and I am willing to believe that Dutilleux's French was barbarous enough. It was probably no more than the crude jargon of the studio, intended only for the ears of painters, and comprehensible only to them. Mr. Thomson might have shrunk from reproducing the original deformities of language, but, even if he had moulded them into literary form, the thought would still stand incomplete, and of very vague signification for all who are not painters. But although more suggested than expressed, Dutilleux's criticism is extremely acute and far-reaching. For, without doubt, Rembrandt and Corot are the two great masters of what are known in studios as values, the most delicate and precious means of expression in the art of the painter. But what are values? I will try to explain next week.

G. M.

THE DRAMA.

AT THE ALHAMBRA.

THE future, it seems, not to mention that invaluable journalistic *cliché*, the flowing tide, is with the music halls. Commercial statistics, which, as every Englishman knows, are infallible guides in matters of art, prove it. While the "legitimate" drama is spelling bankruptcy, our *cafés-concerts*, which find themselves in the queer company of Shakespeare in Leicester Square, are paying their proprietors enormous dividends, seventy or seven hundred per cent.—I forget which. Is not the English Opera House shortly to become a music hall? And are not two other theatres in its immediate neighbourhood contemplating, in the Rabelaisian phrase, the same metagabolisation? Well, there is no need to go about, like the pessimist in "Nightmare Abbey," declaring that "the devil has come amongst us, having great wrath," because the public prefer to spend their evenings in the company of good acrobats rather than with bad comedians. For my part, I regard the respectable family of the Craggs, who are nightly combining in human pyramids or dissolving in animated catherine wheels at the Alhambra, as more worthy of the name of artists than many pretentious mediocrities of the orthodox stage, who devote what time they can spare from speech-making at charity dinners to the neglect of the rudimentary principles of acting. I have called the Craggs one family not only because they so describe themselves, but because the liberties they take with one another's persons could only be excused on the plea of near relationship. They pass the youngest of their members from hand to hand—or, rather, from foot to foot—with an easy indifference which they would hardly venture upon were he a tennis-ball and they so many rackets. They "serve" him and "return" him, and so confident are they of their powers that they employ no net as a provision against "faults." And, after all, it is not the skill of their performance which fascinates one so much as its imperturbable cheerfulness. They are expounding in action the philosophy of the *joie de vivre*. They are muscular Cyrenaics, illustrating the principles of a sane hedonism by the development of the flexor muscles. A gentleman who, like any one of these brothers (yes, decidedly, they *must* be brothers), allows himself to be inverted upon the head of another gentleman